

The Listener

and

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More Autumn BOOKS

reviewed by

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William Plomer

John Fuller

Elspeth Huxley

Idris Parry

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Sir Alec Randall

R. J. C. Atkinson

Simon Raven

Peter Fleming

Leonard Schapiro

Sir Herbert Read

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Mochica jar from Peru of c. A.D. 500 (from *The Dawn of Civilization*, reviewed on page 670). It represents a man being attacked by a jaguar and is in the University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Cambridge

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How to Handle Mr. Khrushchev

THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent, on the need for a unified approach

I HAVE not been able to squeeze much comfort out of Mr. Khrushchev's immensely long speech to the Soviet Communist Party Congress in Moscow. I confess that I have not tried very hard. I suspect that much of the time and energy spent on analysing Mr. Khrushchev's declarations are a complete waste of time. Mr. Khrushchev's foreign policy has remained very constant over the years, although there have been immense and unpredictable variations in tactics. There is not much point in looking for possible changes in his fundamental attitude.

If we accept this argument, then it follows that it is far more important to agree upon our own course of action than to interpret Mr. Khrushchev's speeches in the hope that they will yield some crumbs of comfort or reassurance. This is an idea that was put to me with great force when I was in Belgrade about a year ago. 'We feel', a senior Yugoslav official said to me, 'that you in the West spend far too much time in studying and analysing Soviet intentions. It would be far better if you didn't pay quite so much attention to Mr. Khrushchev's varying moods, and determined among yourselves what is the right policy for you to adopt'. Translated into practical political terms this means that if the Western Powers allow their foreign policy to be just a reflex action to what Mr. Khrushchev is doing or saying, then they are headed for disaster. My Yugoslav friend did not put it as plainly as that, but it was his obvious meaning.

The trouble is that there is no agreement among the Western Powers about how to handle Mr. Khrushchev. Only last week we were given a striking example of Western disunity. The British

Government explained that senior officials of the four Western Powers were to meet in the immediate future to consider the basis for a possible conference with the Russians—with the purpose, in fact, of working out an agreed negotiating position. Within an hour or two the French drily announced that there was not going to be a conference; it was all very premature, they said. It is easy to argue that this difference was unimportant, since it turned on a question of procedure. It would be nearer the truth to say that the difference is fundamental. It turns on the question whether there is any point in trying to negotiate with the Russians now, rather than to leave it to some time in the future. The British and American Governments are obviously willing to go ahead—always on the assumption, of course, that the Russians turn out to be rather more accommodating than they have shown themselves to be up to now.

But if there are to be talks with the Russians, then it is important to establish a united Western attitude on such things as how to safeguard Western rights in Berlin if the Russians and their friends sign a peace treaty with East Germany; on how to treat the East German regime; and perhaps even on a plan for reducing the dangers of a surprise attack in Europe. The fact is that these points do not appear to have been considered in any detail by the governments concerned. It had been the intention to begin a discussion upon these and other topics some five or six weeks ago, but this was put off on the ground that no German Government, on the eve of a general election, could take part in talks that would be bound to involve concessions of one kind or

another at the possible expense of the Germans. But the German elections have been out of the way for more than a month; and still there have been no Western discussions on these problems.

The opposition to any discussion comes this time from General de Gaulle. He does not think that there is any purpose in preparing for a conference while the Russians continue to use threatening language. The danger is that we may be leaving too much to Mr. Khrushchev's initiative, and that if there is a deepening of the crisis our response will not be as well thought out as it should be.

But perhaps General de Gaulle is right, after all. Perhaps it would be best if the Western Powers remained silent and immovable in the face of Russian pressure. All the evidence goes

to suggest that the Russian people have been rather more shaken by Mr. Khrushchev's dangerous manoeuvres than the peoples of Western Europe. It is possible that they are not as sure as all that about their military strength. That is perhaps why Mr. Khrushchev told the Party Congress that he no longer insisted upon the signature of an East German peace treaty by the end of the year.

But the problems facing the Western Powers have not been changed by this discovery that Russian public opinion has its weak spots. A united Western front still has to be established, strong enough to withstand Mr. Khrushchev's dangerous political warfare.—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

The Russian Nuclear Tests

By STANLEY MAYES

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S offer to waive his own arbitrary deadline for a German peace treaty was not unexpected. Nevertheless it was welcomed in Britain as a sign of a more realistic approach. As Mr. Macmillan said in the Commons' debate on foreign affairs, the Soviet Government now seems to appreciate the seriousness of the situation—to understand that the West is not going to surrender to pressure. Mr. Khrushchev's offer was made dependent upon Western willingness to negotiate, which he now professes to see, though it has always been there. Yet in the same speech Mr. Khrushchev indicated that he intended to go on poisoning the world's atmosphere with nuclear fall-out, allegedly in self-defence. His almost casual reference to rounding off the present series of Soviet tests by exploding a 50-megaton hydrogen bomb—his joke about an even bigger one in reserve—shocked the non-Communist world, West and neutrals alike, equally by its cynical disregard of humanity and by the nakedness of the threat behind it.

Before this, Britain and the United States had been expecting a high-level diplomatic meeting of the four Western Powers to co-ordinate their approach to negotiations with Russia, since Russia seemed in a mood to negotiate. Then General de Gaulle showed that he believed such a meeting was premature. Mr. Khrushchev's 'double line' in Moscow—the hint at conciliation, the insistence on Soviet power to inflict such nuclear frightfulness on the world—did much to explain the difference of views among the allies. These differences are not over *whether* to negotiate but only *how* and *when*. Mr. Macmillan has frankly admitted that one of the great problems still is to know what the Russians really want.

Mounting indignation over the recklessness of Soviet tests has given this subject priority at the United Nations, despite Russian attempts to prevent discussion of it on the grounds that it is 'a domestic matter'. Countries lying in the path of fall-out from the 50-megaton test have been wanting an urgent United Nations appeal to Russia to abandon it. It has been estimated that a single explosion like this could release on 80 per cent. of the world's inhabitants two-thirds as much dangerous nuclear fall-out as all tests since 1945. Moreover, it has no military value whatsoever. The United States could have made such gigantic bombs from 1957, but they would have no value except to intimidate. That is plainly the political purpose behind Mr. Khrushchev's announcement—and it is aimed at the neutrals as well as the West. Now, as Dr. Nkrumah's own personal appeal to Mr. Khrushchev shows, Ghana, like other Afro-Asian countries, is appalled at the threat to the human race, even if no war comes.

India has urged a voluntary moratorium on all tests. But this is a trap—not, of course, intended by India—into which the West has walked before. The present Soviet series of mammoth tests must have been prepared many months ago, while the Soviet Union was still ostensibly negotiating a treaty to ban tests for ever. The United States and Britain are prepared to resume negotiations tomorrow for a test-ban treaty, and they believe it

could be signed within thirty days. Such a treaty, as Mr. Adlai Stevenson has said, would be the first step towards sanity—to end this suicidal business before it ends us. But in the absence of agreement, the United States must reserve to itself the right even to resume testing in the atmosphere, if necessary, in self-protection. The fact that it now urges a controlled ban shows it has no desire to follow the Soviet example. It will not be enough, however, for Mr. Khrushchev to join in a pious call for a moratorium when he has exploded his 50-megaton bomb. Nothing less than an internationally controlled ban can save the world now from an intensification of the arms race and the increased possibility of total nuclear disaster.

In the face of determined United Nations action over tests, the Soviet Union may decide it is unwise to alienate all non-Communist opinion. She has dropped the insistence on a 'troika' to replace Mr. Hammarskjöld and agreed in principle to U Thant as the next Secretary-General. But there is still no agreement over his deputies. The West is agreeable to more Communist and Afro-Asian representation in the Secretariat, on a regional but not on an ideological basis, since that would be contrary to the spirit of the Charter.

When we turn to the domestic side of Mr. Khrushchev's speech to the Party Congress we find more striking contradictions. He promises the Soviet people that by 1980 their incomes and consumption will be three-quarters as much again as that of the Americans. This is far short of the Communist utopia once envisaged, even if it is achieved—and it seems to be based on the false theory that the capitalist systems are running down. The West will not decry the intense efforts of the Soviet leadership to increase production. If the standard of living in Russia and the satellite countries even approaches that of the West, it will mean that their peoples have a greater interest in preserving peace. But Mr. Khrushchev admits to many mistakes in planning in the past. The emphasis now is to be more on consumer goods and less on capital goods for production. But that is in conflict with the theory on which Russia's rapid industrial growth in the past has been based.

The most significant contradictions of all this week are seen both in the internal struggle for power in the Soviet Union and in its external relations with China and Albania, which reflect the internal divisions. Mr. Khrushchev's bitter denunciation of Albania is too fierce to be explained by mere annoyance at this small state's defiance or even anger at China's support for Albania. Like the attacks in the Congress on Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov, and Voroshilov, it suggests that Mr. Khrushchev is determined to root out any sneaking sympathy for the Stalinism which he supplanted. He may come near at times to establishing a personality cult of his own. But the West, far from taking pleasure in these rifts in the monolith, must hope that Mr. Khrushchev's policies will prevail. Because behind them, even with the threats and the recklessness, seems to be a desire to come to some understanding with the West which would have been impossible under Stalin.—*European Services*

The Muslims of Metropolitan France

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

THERE are about 400,000 Algerian Muslims in France, including women and children, and not quite half of them are concentrated in the Paris area. All but 2,000 or 3,000, who have settled down in France, are there for the money they can earn. According to French security sources, about 100,000 of the men are supporters of the F.L.N. (Front de la Libération Nationale), and 10,000 of them are really active members: these are the men who commit the murders, run the nation-wide organization, and—an important job—collect the funds which help to keep the movement going, both in France and Algeria, and contribute to the finances of the so-called Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic, or G.P.R.A., headed by the recently appointed Ben Khedda. This has its headquarters in Tunis.

There is virtually no Algerian opposition to the F.L.N. in France. The once-powerful M.N.A., or National Algerian Movement, led by Messali Hadj, has dwindled almost to nothing, since he is generally, if unjustly, regarded as merely a French stooge. Even the French police say that some of the men who try to collect money for the M.N.A. are out to fill their own pockets and ready to kill to do so, whereas the collectors for the F.L.N. are all in jobs and, except for the few black sheep, operate for the good of the cause.

The F.L.N. organization for France has its headquarters in Germany. Although it comes under the orders of Ben Khedda and his Ministers over in Tunis, that directorate is given, or takes, a certain amount of discretion in what it does and how it does it. The French believe, for example, that last week's mass demonstrations were ordered by the directorate in Germany on its own responsibility. It is thought that the F.L.N. have divided

France into six *villayas*, or districts—two for Paris, one for the north, one for the east, another for the south-east, and, finally, one for the rest of the country. This distribution corresponds to the strength of Algerian man-power in the country. Each *villaya* is divided and sub-divided into ever-decreasing zones, while from the point of view of man-power there is also a succession of units ending with the cell, consisting of one leader and two followers.

During the past five years there have been over 11,000 attacks involving Algerian Muslims, resulting in the death of 3,700 persons. Nearly all of these were Muslims. This was part of the process of intimidating those who resisted the F.L.N. or failed to give it the required support. There have been 500 attacks against Europeans, and as a result 116 ordinary French civilians, sixteen soldiers, and forty-nine policemen have been killed. This year twenty-six policemen have been killed in Paris alone. That is why the authorities recently intro-

duced an unofficial curfew in the capital, and the curfew was one reason—though not necessarily the only one—why the F.L.N. staged their impressive mass demonstration on October 17. Muslims were 'recommended' to walk alone, not to go in groups since this was the usual killers' formation; they were 'recommended' not to be found in the streets between 8.30 p.m. and 5.30 in the morning. And, finally, café owners with Algerian customers were told to close at seven o'clock each evening until the following day. All this made no distinction between the ordinary law-abiding Muslim and the rest; and it also took away the livelihood of the café owners concerned. But there has been no attack on policemen in Paris since the 'recommendations' came into force, and that is good enough for the authorities.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)



Gendarmes searching Algerians for arms after the demonstrations in Paris last week

Frank Cousins 'Face to Face'

An interview with JOHN FREEMAN in B.B.C. Television

John Freeman: Mr. Cousins, you are a highly political trade unionist, and, in particular, you are the centre of this great argument about the Bomb, which has divided the Labour Party and inspired the Aldermaston marchers, and—only recently—induced about 10,000 people to try to sit down in Trafalgar Square. Will you tell me, in simple language, exactly what it is you are trying to achieve?

Frank Cousins: First, I don't think you must try to give me the credit for being the central figure in this campaign for nuclear disarmament. I am just one of the people who are participating in it because I believe in it, and when you say what has inspired me, I think there are a number of things: first of all, a basic belief that war is wrong, and that this nuclear weapon that

has been created epitomizes all things that are evil in man's attempt to destroy man, and a wish to try to remove it, if it can be done.

Freeman: Assuming that we cannot for the moment negotiate an agreement under which everybody disarms, would you like Great Britain to abandon its nuclear weapons on its own?

Cousins: Yes, I would. I would think that it was a very necessary step for one of the larger powers to take, if we were ever going to reach the stage where there could be multilateral disarmament talks between the two Great Powers in the world. I think first of all, Mr. Freeman, we have to recognize that America and Russia are the two great military powers. We are not the third

great military power; we are a secondary military power now, and if we are ever to create a situation where they can talk of the need for mutual disarmament I think countries such as ourselves, France, and Germany, and others, have to be ready to recognize that we are not going to be the determiners but rather a hindrance.

United States Bases in Britain

Freeman: So we abandon the nuclear weapons, such as they are, which we have, and do not make any more. Now what about United States bases that are in this country which are either armed with nuclear weapons or which could be used for nuclear weapons?

Cousins: I would have thought they should have been removed, but I think we must accept, first, that steps have to be taken. After all, there are countries who are in the Nato alliance at the moment, and are not centres of nuclear weapons for either America or anyone else. A typical example, Sweden, has resisted the intrusion of them. Switzerland, to a rather different degree, has resisted having them on her territory. But I think that we have to recognize that we are a particularly vulnerable site. We talk, frequently even within our political side, of reaching areas of disengagement; but we never get round to a stage of thinking of ourselves as being within an area of disengagement. We always talk of central Europe being disengaged, but that we should remain a base for one of the contestants.

Freeman: Do you actually want the British Government to ask the Americans to leave?

Cousins: I think it is not simply a question of asking the Americans to leave; I think it is a question of accepting that we are not an essential ingredient of this difference of attitudes and opinions between the Russians and the Americans. May I quote one of the lines in the Labour Party's policy statement—that it may be, in years to come, America will not need bases here. So even the political party itself is accepting that it is only a basis of expediency, that there is no real need for it. And that they may go from us when the Americans see fit. If the bases can be removed from us when the Americans see fit, I would rather they go when we see fit.

Freeman: And when you see fit is now?

Cousins: Yes, now.

Freeman: What about Britain having abandoned its own nuclear weapons, having asked the Americans to leave: do we stay inside Nato, which is, after all, armed with nuclear weapons?

Cousins: There is no reason at the moment to say that we should come out of Nato because there are some countries that are in Nato which are not armed with nuclear weapons, or are not bases for those who have nuclear weapons. But I would have thought that our association with Nato depends on something more than just that. It depends on the readiness of Nato to accept that there are people who wish to get out from under the idea of the use of, or the threat of the use of, nuclear weapons. Nato has transformed itself during the last few years from being a defensive organization to being a threatening organization.

Nato and Nuclear Weapons

Freeman: The question that I actually asked you was whether you feel any—if you like, moral—objection to remaining in Nato, which is armed with nuclear weapons.

Cousins: I have a very strong moral objection to being in any organization that is proposing to defend the ideas it holds by nuclear weapons. For many reasons: but first of all because they cannot be defended by nuclear weapons. As well as the moral reason, I think logically they must not be used, and therefore if they are not going to be used we ought not to be part of an alliance that suggests it will use them.

Freeman: So you would really rather be outside Nato?

Cousins: I would rather have Nato as what it was intended to be: that is, a defensive instrument against aggression, without threatening to use nuclear weapons itself. I think that this will come, but at the moment we are not helping it to come.

Freeman: Would you still want to ask the Americans to

remove their bases from this country if you knew that the result of that would be either that the Americans went right out of Europe or, possibly, that an American-West German military alliance was substituted for Nato as we now know it?

Cousins: No. You are talking rather hypothetically here, because I am not in a position to know, any more than anyone else is, whether the American intention is to create a substitute for Britain by arming Germany with nuclear weapons. Shall I put it this way: there are already military chiefs talking about the need for an expansion of the idea that was put up by Rapacki. One understands from some of the statements made by President Kennedy recently, favouring the idea of separating the likely contestants, that he himself would be an advocate of the kind of thing I am putting over, that we ought to separate ourselves; therefore it means he would not be substituting Germany for Britain.

Freeman: Feeling as you do about nuclear weapons, would you really rather Britain was a neutral country and not attached to any of these military alliances?

Cousins: Yes, but this, of course, is rather abstract at the moment. To say to a country that has been part of a military alliance that they should simply come out of all the military alliances and be a neutral country is ignoring the world situation as it is. You cannot simply become a non-military body, and substitute neutrality. One has to do something about harnessing the neutral authorities into another power—another power for another purpose.

The Soviet-Chinese Bloc

Freeman: Do you yourself think that there actually is a military threat from the Soviet-Chinese bloc?

Cousins: No, I do not. But it would be difficult to establish any basic reasons why other people should accept this, other than to say that if the protestations of the Russians mean what they say—that is, that they are intending to develop their economy—they are the last people who can afford a war. I do not think the Russians either want, or intend, to have a war. This is because one believes that they will try to overcome and to get the advantage over the capitalist system by the development of their economy, and one cannot develop an economy in a war atmosphere.

Freeman: If you take the view that you do about the moral wickedness of nuclear weapons, presumably you would like to see all countries of the world disarm.

Cousins: I certainly would.

Freeman: Would you like to see the Western countries, including America, disarm unilaterally, if the Russians could not be induced to do it with them?

Cousins: No, and this has never been the issue. Frequently speakers at the Labour Party and Trades Union Congress have talked as if we from the Transport and General Workers' Union have virtually said we want the West to discontinue the possession of its nuclear weapons and leave the Russians in a position to dominate. This has never been at issue. The Russians will not surrender their nuclear weapons until they are satisfied that the Americans will. Neither will the Americans surrender theirs until they are satisfied the Russians are doing so. But that is not what we are talking about.

Freeman: I do not quite understand what influence you think that British unilateral disarmament would have on this situation. Why should either the Americans or the Russians be influenced by what we do in this?

Cousins: Can I put it in another way? If you do not see this, why do we then argue that there should be no spread of nuclear weapons? For if we have an influence by the possession of our nuclear weapons, then France must have an influence if it possesses them; Germany must have an influence; so must Israel; or any other developing country must be able to have an influence on world affairs, simply by the possession of nuclear weapons. I do not accept this; I do not think the two real protagonists in this political ideological warfare are much concerned about us at all, but I do think that we are a contributor to the possibility of war by accident, if we, and other countries, develop, retain, possess—

and are going to be participants in this ownership of—nuclear weapons.

Freeman: Would this be a correct summing up?: you would like to see this country get rid of its own nuclear weapons now, without more ado; you would like the Americans to take their nuclear bases away from this country; you do not think it possible to get out of Nato immediately, and you do not suppose that it is reasonable to ask the Americans to disarm unilaterally?

Cousins: That is a fair assessment of the discussion we have had up to now.

Freeman: And that represents your view?

Cousins: That is my view; and I certainly do not think that the Americans are going to determine their attitude towards Russia by whether we possess nuclear weapons or whether we do not. I think (I don't say this offensively to my own country; I like my own country, understand this) we are just cluttering up the discussions that could take place on the whole problem of multi-lateral disarmament.

Freeman: Now let us go on to trade unions—trade-union leaders, top trade-union leaders, like you are. They are no longer just propagandists or agitators, which perhaps they were once; they play a vital part in the running of the national economy. Do you think, as a labour leader and a trade unionist, that it is your duty to co-operate with any kind of government regardless of what party forms it?

Cousins: To a certain degree one has to co-operate with any government, because, first of all, the government is elected by the people. It is there, it is like any other fixture—one has to see that it is there, and if there are things that can be done by association with the government they have to be done in the interest of your members.

Freeman: But, for instance, having pressed the view of your members in the back room councils of the government—which you have plenty of chance to do nowadays—do you then think it is your duty publicly to accept the government's decision and co-operate with it? Or not?

Cousins: No; not unless the government happens to be assisting in putting over the kind of views that the members I represent have. I do not think it is my duty to co-operate with them. I am not responsible to the government. In fact I would not regard myself as responsible to the government which had favour with us. I would think that we were most easily able to co-operate with them, but I would not regard any trade-union leader in this country as responsible to a government.

Freeman: Supposing, for instance, that you had a Labour government now, would you be prepared to accept from a Labour government policies which in the short term you dislike: wage restraint, let us say?

Cousins: No; I have talked with the leader of the Labour Party about this on a number of occasions; and at one meeting of the National Council of Labour I had to make it clear that the attitude of the Union would be that if the political party created the circumstance on which it was not necessary for us to press for wage adjustments we should be happy to co-operate with them in

making a success of whatever efforts they were making in the economic field. But if they retained the sort of position that exists now, and left us in the unprivileged position, we should fight against them, just the same as we would against any other party.

Freeman: Do you think the very close tie-up between the trade unions and the Labour Party is healthy for either of them?

Cousins: Yes; we could not run the unions successfully without association with the party, and certainly we could not run the party successfully without a very close association with the trade unions.

Freeman: You do not think, for instance, that there is too much power in the hands of a few powerful trade-union bosses?

Cousins: No; this story is told when it suits the newspapers to try to bring either discredit on the particular trade-union boss, or create a division between the political party and the trade-union so-called boss. But the co-operation is one of mutual understanding that their problems are in most cases identical and have to be resolved together.

Freeman: Of course the Labour Party does take traditionally a slightly different view of industrial action: if you call a strike now do you expect the Labour Party in parliament to support you?

Cousins: It depends what the strike is about. In many cases—and I am not just speaking for myself but for permanent trade-union leaders before me—they have said they would prefer the politicians to keep out of industrial disputes. But there are some industrial disputes in which I think one is entitled to expect the political party to support one fully, and that is if it is an unjust and unfairly created strike atmosphere

by a political party which is also in government.

Freeman: But three years ago when you had the London bus strike on your hands, the Labour Party in parliament was notably cool, I should have said, to your strike.

Cousins: I thought they were not as warm as they might have been, particularly as I had the idea that, although the representative of the London Transport Executive at that time repeatedly said that he was not under control by the government, it was obviously politically inspired resistance to a legitimate wage claim.

Freeman: Just at the present moment, you and your next most powerful colleague, I suppose, in the trade-union movement, Sir Tom Williamson, are putting your heads together to plan action against the present Chancellor's wage pause. If that should come to strike action would you expect the Labour Party in parliament to back you?

Cousins: I certainly would. I said this in public, just over a week ago. I would expect them not only to back us in parliament, but to make clear why they were backing us—that it was an unfair and unrealistic attitude on the part of the government that had created this situation. I think the government has been quite stupid on this—if that is the phrase to use on the eve, almost, of meeting the Prime Minister. And I have to be careful not to say things here that would prejudice the meeting. But I think the government has been foolish in creating a circumstance where we



Frank Cousins, the General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, as seen when interviewed by John Freeman, Editor of the *New Statesman*, on October 15

can no longer rely on the bonded word of the government, or signators to an agreement, or the findings of an industrial court, or industrial relations in general. I think they are doing a great deal of damage—much more than they are realizing at the moment.

Differing Opinions within the Labour Party

Freeman: In this period, when you obviously foresee close collaboration between the trade unions and the Labour Party in parliament, do you think it is a big handicap that you and the Leader of the Labour Party have very different political views on many big issues? Is this a handicap?

Cousins: This is a very difficult question to answer. If you mean would I prefer the leader of the political party to have views identical with my own because I think this would help us, I certainly would. But I suppose the leader of the party would say in the same way that it would help if I had views identical with his own.

Freeman: Yes; but of course you are facing a situation where you have just described the trade unions and the Labour Party as being an organic whole, and the two principal organs are pulling in opposite directions.

Cousins: Well, no, this is not true; there is much too much emphasis on this aspect of it being given in the press. There are so many things upon which we agree; and I think it was George Brown who said that we should do a great deal of service to the movement if we high-lighted the things we agree upon rather than the things we disagree upon.

Freeman: You will have plenty of time to do that. But I want to ask you one more question in the other sense: do you think, the question of the Labour leadership now being settled, there is a chance that the party will unite under Hugh Gaitskell?

Cousins: I am not in the party, of course, other than as an individual member. I suppose you are talking about the Parliamentary Party when you talk of the Labour Party. I happen to have been working all the way through for the return of a socialist government. Anything that helps towards that has our support, very fully. But whether the Parliamentary Party is any happier now than it was twelve months ago I really would not know.

Freeman: Would you prefer, for instance, to see a trade unionist like your own George Brown as leader of the party?

Cousins: I would prefer to see a trade unionist in leadership of the party.

Freeman: Do you think, in fact, that the trade unions are nowadays throwing up enough good men at the top to play their full role in public life?

Doing Things Now

Cousins: Yes; there are many good men in the trade-union movement; but the calls always vary so much. Many of the men who reach the top of the trade-union movement are not interested in going into a political career, because they have seen the frustrating atmosphere that can exist in parliament. I do not say this against parliament—but it is there. A man who is at the top of a big trade union can do things now; or on some occasions he can be in parliament hoping to do things when his party is returned to power. It may not be this year, it may not be next year.

Freeman: Would you yourself be prepared to go into parliament?

Cousins: No.

Freeman: But you must have considered this when you campaigned against Hugh Gaitskell. Supposing you had brought him down, you might have been faced with the possibility of leading the Labour Party.

Cousins: There are two things here. First, let us get it quite clear: I did not campaign against Hugh Gaitskell. I have no interest in campaigning against Hugh Gaitskell. I put forward policies which we in the Transport and General Workers' Union believed in. I hoped that we would be able to persuade the leadership of the Labour Party that these were policies they could support, and said this on many, many public occasions. But I have no idea or no intention or wish to be in parliament. I could

have been in parliament many years ago. It is quite obvious that I have no wish to be there. I think there is quite a job of work to be done in the trade-union movement, because of my belief that there needs to be co-operation between the trade union and political wings.

Freeman: Mr. Cousins, briefly, in a sentence or two, what do you mean by socialism?

Cousins: It is difficult to say in a sentence or two what one means. I think I mean the protection of the rights of the ordinary people. If I were asked to define it as simply as that: they should have things that are right and proper; they should have better opportunity, security; there should be education for the standard which they are fitted to take, and all the opportunities that we want for our own children.

Freeman: Do you, looking round the world, see any other country whose social system you would prefer to our own?

Cousins: This is not a question that can be answered, I would suggest to you, because there are some countries that have advantages in many ways. For instance, if one saw some of the things that are happening in Russia, one could say those are things I would like. If one saw some things that are happening in America, one could say those are the things I would like. If one were to ask would one choose to have the complete Russian system imposed upon us or the complete American system imposed on us, the answer from me would be No, because I think our own democratic system, with improvements and modifications, can be made the best system in the world.

Freeman: You do not, in other words, look upon your own political campaigning for socialism as being a matter of totally changing the situation and breaking it down and building a new one?

A New Order of Things

Cousins: Not breaking it down and building a new one; but I want a new order of things. I do not want capitalism to have control of the right to work or the right to eat or the right to live or the right to have a place to go to. I do not want that at all.

Freeman: Even though, at the moment, it is doing not too badly by your own members?

Cousins: Could I say that we within capitalism are not doing too badly by our own members. But every time that we ease—every time that we slacken off a little—then capitalism shows its teeth against us, and shows that it has not removed its thinking very far from where we were twenty years ago.

Freeman: Let us go back a little further than twenty years. How did you yourself first go into trade unionism?

Cousins: The very first week I had a pay packet. My Dad, who was a member of the trade-union and Labour movement, made me open my first pay packet and join the union with it. I thought he was a shocker; I wanted to take it home to Mum—you know the way kids do when they get the first pay packet. But Dad said to me quite clearly: 'This is the place where you get your protection—you go and join the union'. And that was that. That was my first week in the union.

Freeman: That was when you had been in the pits?

Cousins: Yes, in the mining industry.

Freeman: Was there any particular occasion when you suddenly ceased to regard it as an imposition that you had to pay your dues—that you began really to want to?

Cousins: I think, looking back, one tends to say there was this occasion when I suddenly came to the conclusion that I was going to be a pioneer of trade unionism, but in actual practice, at the time, it grows on one. I took part in the 1920 strike, the '21 strike, the '24 and '26 strikes in the mining industry. I was one of the new young men who drove vehicles; and I drove the man who worked for the strike committee in the Doncaster area by going to collect fish and bread for the food kitchens, and so on. And I became more and more active in the union—went to political meetings, listened to people like Cook, and Wilf Paling, and Arthur Greenwood senior—people of that kind. It gradually grows on one. Then I happened to go into an industry where a great trade-union leader, Ernest Bevin, was fighting for the development of trade unions. I went into road haulage; I got caught up in that, as it were, almost subconsciously became a

member of it, then an active member of it, and so one goes on.

Freeman: Often when people look back to their younger days, they can isolate some particular incident which has made them aware of the human condition more than anything else. Is there any such incident in your case which made you a socialist?

A Baby Fed on Water

Cousins: There are a number; but one stands out in my mind particularly, when I was a young lorry driver, in the times of the depression. I happened to be in a transport café on the Great North Road, when a young couple came in, with a child in a nearly broken-down pram. They were walking from Shields—Shields was one of the places that was hit in the slump, Mr. Freeman, as you will remember. They were walking from there to London, because the man understood he could get a job in London. They came into the café and sat down, and they fetched a baby's feeding bottle out, and it had water in it. They fed the baby with water, and then lifted the kiddy's dress up—it was a small baby—and it had a newspaper nappy on. They took this off, and wiped the baby's bottom with it and then picked up another newspaper and put that on for a fresh nappy. I think if ever I felt a resentment against the system it was on that occasion. I thought somebody ought to do something about it. I will not say I thought I ought to do something about it; but I thought somebody ought to do something about it. We had gone through the disputes and the strikes in 1926; but here was the depression being brought home to an innocent defenceless child. Along with a lot of other lorry drivers we helped them on their way. It made a profound impression on me; and I think it is one of the things I would regard as a highlight of starting in this job.

Freeman: Some thirty-five years later you are a very powerful man indeed, and you have plenty of opportunity to redress some of those wrongs that you experienced. Do you like using power now you have it?

Cousins: 'Like' is not quite the word: one recognizes that there is power, one recognizes that it has to be used; it is good to have power if one feels wrongs should be remedied. I think with having great power one has to be careful and responsible, and not behave in the way the press sometimes try to picture you. But it is essential to have the power, if wrong is going to be righted.

Freeman: Does it irk you to have to be responsible and cautious? Is there an angry man trying to get out?

Cousins: Oh, there's an angry man. I am sometimes a bad-tempered man, but it does not hurt me, because in this world one can blow one's top off and still be quite responsible too, as many of our leaders have shown.

Freeman: What are your faults in your career, in your public life? I have heard you accused of being impatient; I have heard you accused of being bad-tempered, of being vain. Have you isolated these at all for yourself?

Cousins: One never really is a good judge of one's own faults because if one were one wouldn't have faults.

Freeman: You may be the best judge of all, if you really try.

Cousins: I suppose I'm a little vain, but I hope not unkindly vain. I am bad-tempered, and sometimes bad-tempered about little things. I think some people who know me as a person would say that it is astonishing that I can keep good-tempered about major issues, try to analyse them objectively, and that I will lose my temper about my ball-point pen running out just at the moment when I'm in the middle of writing something. But I think I have probably as many faults as most people—and not many more than most others.

Freeman: Have you any further ambitions? Worldly ambitions?

Cousins: No, no. There is no reason for ambitions in this. I'm doing a job that I am very fond of. I have said on one occasion in public that I am vain enough to think I am doing it reasonably well—not as well as one hopes always to do it, but not too badly. I like it very much; I do not see why I should have ambitions to do any other than this job well.

Freeman: Would you like to have a title, for instance?

Cousins: No—it would be rubbish to take a title. After all,

I have fought against the Establishment all my life, both as a young man and now in a position as leader of the trade-union movement. I would resent it myself if I ever succumbed to the idea of taking a title. It does not interest me at all.

Freeman: When you are right away from public affairs, what are your relaxations? Do you have a car?

Cousins: I have a car, yes. But my relaxation—as far as one is physically able to do it now—is gardening. I'm very fond of flowers; I like to read a bit; but I particularly like to grow flowers.

Freeman: Do you talk politics at home?

Cousins: Yes, quite a lot. In fact I talk politics everywhere. There is not much else I talk about.

Freeman: Is your wife interested in them?

Cousins: Yes; we did a lot of our early hand-holding in front of political meetings. I do not mean on the platform: we were in the audience then.

Freeman: And does she agree with your general view?

Cousins: Yes, she is a very confirmed socialist.

Freeman: Do you listen to her when she disagrees?

Cousins: I listen to her; we talk quite a lot. If you are leading up to the suggestion that she influences me, I think probably she does, because we live together. But she doesn't influence me to take decisions; she influences me to talk with her.

Freeman: Are there any particular luxuries you enjoy in life?

Cousins: I like chocolates, but that is a passing liking. I like to be outdoors. I like to swim. I like children very much. I don't know whether you would regard them as a luxury, but I like children because they are perfectly honest, and there are not many people that one can say that about.

Freeman: I think it was a Victorian moralist who said something like this: taste a little here, taste a little there, but live for one thing only. Is there any one thing you live for, and if so what is it?

Cousins: I would like to see a better world; and a better world to me means a world that is free from the fear of war. The fear of war is of course a vital thing, but this is one of the reasons why I am so actively associated with the idea of preventing war happening again to us. One of the great tragedies of war is that the dead don't come back to us.

Next Week

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The Soviet Party Congress

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Lighter Lives

IN the introduction to his life of Alexander the Great Plutarch took some trouble to explain that he was not writing histories, 'but lives', and that the most conspicuous events in a man's life may not show his character in the way that a slight thing like a phrase or a jest might do. And Plutarch makes clear that he is not writing exhaustively and is leaving to others the description of great events. Here are judgments which are true of many biographies that have been written since Plutarch's time, and in view of the fashion today for many university teachers to urge their pupils to learn about the history of a period through the biographies of its leading characters, it may be worth reflecting on what Plutarch thought of the biographer's task. If his *Lives* have in fact been treated as histories, that is because so many of the documents and correspondence which Plutarch himself consulted have perished. When he gave his opinions he did not know that this would happen.

The first book to be reviewed today in the second part of our Autumn Book number is Mr. W. S. Lewis's life of Horace Walpole. Here in a single volume is the life of a man who as our reviewer, Dr. Plumb, points out, 'was famous alive and he intended to be famous dead'. The reason is the enormous volume of surviving correspondence from Walpole's own pen or from the pens of his friends, which is now being edited so comprehensively by Mr. Lewis. For the hurried student his new life of Walpole is likely to join the modern biographies to be looked at quickly in order to catch the flavour of a period. Of greater significance is the fact that the volumes of Walpole correspondence are fast becoming one of the most dominating sources for eighteenth-century history as a whole. From the outset of the project doubts have existed about the value of printing these letters with such overwhelming thoroughness. The traditional answer to this criticism—emphasis on their intrinsic worth and originality—in fact highlights the very characteristics that could result in the whole correspondence doing a disservice to historians. Walpole was not typical of the leisured class of society in which he moved; and the kind of life and interests shared by himself and his correspondents was far removed from the lives led by most ordinary people in Britain or Europe in the eighteenth century. And even in his interpretations of political event and motive Walpole is notoriously a colourist rather than an accurate chronicler of what happened. In fact the note of caution that Plutarch sounded for his simple lives may be even more aptly applied today to the life and correspondence of a man like Horace Walpole.

But such warnings need not distract anyone, young or old, student or retired, from continuing to enjoy Plutarch and Mr. Lewis's Walpole and other biographies, when these are well written and do adequate justice to their subject. The old two-volume 'life and correspondence of . . .' has lately been coming back into fashion in a different guise, because of the eclipse of the short biography and the tendency today to replace it with a heavyweight single volume containing copious extracts from letters. For the future, one way in which our biographers can lighten such volumes as these is by making themselves familiar with the places and surroundings in which their subjects lived and against the background of which they acted. Some idea of how this may be done is recounted by Miss Carola Oman on the page opposite.

THERE WAS WIDESPREAD Western comment on the degree to which Mr. Khrushchev's speech had increased the chances of negotiation or lessened those of war. In France *L'Aurore* found the spectacle of Mr. Khrushchev rushing to put out the Berlin fire, which he had started, 'inimitable'. It agreed that for the moment he had removed the ultimatum from negotiations, but added:

... negotiate on what? And what could those 'mutually acceptable' formulas be? Would Khrushchev consent to East Germany one day voting as real democracies vote? That is the whole problem. So far he has refused, and as long as he does refuse, even if he withdraws his ultimatum, we must realize that his object remains the same, that is, to pocket West Berlin and to swing over towards the East a Western Germany disillusioned and demoralized.

West German newspapers were very cautious. *Der Tagesspiegel* said Mr. Khrushchev had released 'only a little dateline steam from the pressure valve without altering his actual demands'. *Berliner Morgenpost* said it was 'a Communist type of relaxation which costs Moscow nothing'. *Der Mittag* of Düsseldorf thought it likely the pressure would be applied again, 'if negotiations proceed in a manner which makes Moscow doubtful of a result to its own advantage'.

In Sweden, *Svenska Dagbladet* considered the cloud from the 50-megaton bomb a smoke-screen to cover retreat on the Berlin question. It advised the Western Powers not to wait passively for Moscow's next move but to anticipate it with concrete proposals of their own. *The New York Times* wrote:

There is no need to squirm and twist at the idea of negotiation . . . There are bases for negotiations on Berlin and Germany, and they should be explored. Nothing need be surrendered or lost in the process . . . Fear of negotiation in the United States is unreasonable: and the obstruction of negotiations by West Germany and/or France is equally unreasonable . . . It is not enough to say that neither side wants war. The crisis is real and it is dangerous.

The East German radio did not mention Mr. Khrushchev's waiving of the time-limit for a German peace treaty until late in the day. Commentators then said there was nothing 'sensational' in this and nothing to give Bonn a free hand to delay matters. It was proof of Mr. Khrushchev's patience that 'reasonable' men in the West were to be given time to influence their governments' policies.

A home service talk on Belgrade radio said that universal controlled disarmament was even more urgent since Chou En-lai had stated that China was going all out to manufacture an atomic bomb without outside help. Earlier Chen Yi had declared that the peace problem would be solved only when China had atomic bombs. China's leaders, said the Yugoslav commentator, were thus leaving no doubts in anybody's mind about the kind of peace they were contemplating.

On Mr. Khrushchev's promises that by 1980 the Soviet people will enjoy the highest living standards in the world, the *New York Herald Tribune* said 'it would surely be foolish . . . to dismiss as a pipe-dream his picture of growing Russian strength and confidence'. In the years to come the United States would be living 'not only in the shadow of a steady military threat', but with the Soviet economic challenge as well. The newspaper expressed confidence that America could meet and master that challenge, but it would be 'a task that demands the effort and energy of all'.

On another day the *New York Herald Tribune* spoke of the weakness of Soviet agriculture. It went on:

Since it is becoming increasingly clear that Communist nations do not feed their people very well, such 'luxuries' as liberty may attain a higher value in the market-place of ideas. That, at least seems to be the conclusion of Adam Schaff, the rather unorthodox theoretician of the Polish Communists, who has warned that the Reds stand to lose the battle for the minds of men unless they can break the Western 'monopoly' on freedom, the 'strongest propaganda trump card against Communism and Marxism today'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

BIOGRAPHERS' PILGRIMAGES

'I CANNOT REMEMBER when I realized that if one is going to write a life of somebody one ought to go to see the places he saw', said CAROLA OMAN in 'The World of Books' (Home Service). 'Most biographers show some knowledge of the birthplace of their hero or heroine. They generally muster up some kind of a description of that. And one can generally tell whether they have been there. There is an unmistakable integrity about a description by an eyewitness. But it is rather rare for a famous man or woman to spend their working lives in their birthplace. Sometimes they are born somewhere by accident. For instance, David Garrick's father was a soldier, on recruiting duty, when it became clear to him and poor little Mrs. Arabella Garrick that their third baby would have to be born at the Angel Inn, Hereford. It was obviously an uncomfortable arrangement, but it was rather suitable that England's most famous actor should have first opened his bright, black eyes in a very busy, noisy, picturesque, popular hostelry.

'He never saw Hereford again. The places one needs to visit for him are first Lichfield (which is in itself delightful, and associated with his great teacher Samuel Johnson), and various haunts of old London. Garrick is a lucky choice for a biographer. One can still see a number of places, not much changed, connected with him—the Palladian villa where he spent his honeymoon, the happy homes of his early married years and of his kaleidoscopic middle age.

'When I was thinking of writing about Sir John Moore I found a much more difficult subject. He entered the army at the age of sixteen and set off from Glasgow for Minorca. I never shall forget how I reflected "You will have to go to Corunna". And then I thought: "But did I not go there, coming back from Madeira once?" I leapt to my desk, where I keep an ugly collection of old exercise books, filled with descriptions of places visited. Here it was, April 8, 1931: "An overcast morning, with sky and sea all mother-of-pearl colours . . . very cold . . . John Moore's tomb is at a journey's end, surrounded by a garden filled with most un-English flowers and shrubs, camellias, bouganvilleas, cinerarias, pampas grass, and palms, all growing in the open, overlooking old walls and cold sea". I had seen the battlefield at the wrong time of year. It ought to have been in the month of January.

'Later, during the war, I wrote the life of Nelson. All my pilgrimages for that had to be done by train, by bicycle, or on foot. I could not, in 1941, get to his birthplace—the top of Norfolk—as I was at Bristol. I comforted myself with the thought that the house had been pulled down in his lifetime. I eventually got there this year. It was much too late for my book, of course, and the expedition confirmed what I had always held—that however carefully you study maps and guides, you really ought to go to the place.

'I remembered that when Nelson seemed finished, when he could not get a ship for five years, he used to go to London annually, to try his luck. He wrote that he was "retired upwards of a hundred and twenty miles from London". I had come merely from Suffolk, and not in the Norwich stage coach, or the Lynn diligence, with a pony to meet me and the carrier to bring on my sea-chest: I had come in an obedient modern car, and I was with one of my oldest friends, and it was a May



'Flying a glider does not need any wind, but it does need sunshine, because the glider climbs by circling in rising currents of warm air'

day in England, where May is the queen of the months. But I realized as never before what a very long way Burnham Thorpe was from anywhere'.

ACROSS ENGLAND BY GLIDER

'I spent August Bank Holiday this year in solitary peace among the clouds flying a sailplane from Colerne, in Somerset, to Norfolk', said ALAN YATES in a talk in the West of England Home Service. 'My aim was to fly at least 186 miles, the second test for the international gold badge.

'It was my turn to fly the club "Olympia" single-seater sailplane, and I was soon sitting in the cockpit, complete with maps, camera, and lunch, having declared that I would try to fly to Yarmouth, which is just over the required distance. The weather was reasonable. Unlike the sailing of boats, flying a glider does not need any wind but it does need sunshine because the glider climbs by circling in rising currents of warm air ("thermals", as we call them) and alternates this process with straight flights in the chosen direction.

'The track passed over Swindon, Oxford, and Cambridge, and over several gliding clubs at which I would be welcome, if my thermals gave out and I had to land. My first thermal took me to the base of a cumulus cloud at 4,000 feet above the airfield. Soon I had turned my back on Bath, Bristol, and the sea at Weston-super-Mare, and could see Swindon ahead. Air maps mark airfields, railways, and big towns prominently since these stand out more clearly than tree-fringed roads and rivers. After ten minutes, my instruments told me I was again in rising air. I pulled the sailplane up into a climbing turn and circled, banked at 30 degrees for the next five minutes while I climbed back to cloud-base at 4,000 feet, then I went on again at 60 m.p.h.

'The next thermal was found according to plan, but the following glide produced no rising air until I was down to only 1,500 feet above Swindon. At this height it is necessary to think about the landing. This cannot be avoided if thermals do not appear. Towns and factories are usually good thermal sources, and, sure enough, the great Pressed Steel factory, although deserted, sent

off a fine thermal which took me back to cloud-base at about 400-feet-a-minute rate of climb.

'The end of the first hour saw me nearly forty miles en route, the Thames below and Oxford just visible ahead. Now followed a long glide round the north of Oxford. My eye travelled forward along the straight road to Weston-on-the-Green, and, ahead, was Bicester's great grass airfield.

'The next thirty miles to Cranfield is across the great London



Indian snake-charmers practising in a village near Delhi

to Manchester airway. The flight continued its ups and downs past the airship sheds at Cardington, past the new Biggleswade by-pass. Ahead now were the enormous forests around Thetford. Norfolk already, and only 3.30 p.m., but the clouds look poor. Away to the north looks most encouraging, and I set off gliding carefully at my best speed of 40 m.p.h. across Thetford Forest.

'There is Watton airfield but I am too low to reach it. I choose a grass field beside a farm with a telephone, and, with a heavy heart, I land uneventfully at a quarter to four having flown 155 miles—only 30 miles short of the sea at Yarmouth'.

MUSICAL SNAKES

'Although snakes have no external ears or ear-drums', said NORAH BURKE in a talk in the Home Service, 'they respond to music, and even wild snakes, which have never heard any instrument, can be captured with the charmer's flute.

'Charmers keep many pet snakes, and sometimes one of these men would turn up at our bungalow in India and offer to give a show. It is said that the snakes used by these men are not swaying to the music but to the movement of the flute, and that they cannot hear the music at all. But that is not true, because it is music which draws a wild reptile out of its hole. The snake cannot even see the flute when it first responds to the tune. A snake's hearing, however, must be very different from ours. Without external ears or ear-drums they have instead some unknown sense in the forked tongue. This tongue flickers in and out all the time, and it is obvious that the information it collects is important. That part of our ear which transmits vibrations from ear-drum to inner ear, in snakes rests on the bone which supports the lower jaw, so perhaps music and other sounds reach a snake through its tongue.

'When a cobra is angry and is going to strike, it raises about a third of its body and spreads the hood. This hood is formed of lengthened ribs just behind the head, and is really a spreading-out sideways of the neck. The famous spectacle markings can then be seen, and they are a warning of trouble. During a performance, when snakes are swaying to the flute, this hood is always spread, showing that the reptiles are angry and dangerous. So the men who handle them are running big risks, no matter what precautions they may have taken. Snake-charming is often an inherited art, and a father will give his son increasing doses of venom to win immunity to the poison; but total immunity cannot be achieved'.

MEMORABLE FIRST COURSES

'I suppose the earliest first course that lingers in the mind was lapped up when I was at school in Edinburgh', said ALAN MELVILLE in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme). 'It was a boarding school, and one was only allowed out on Sundays if collected after church in the morning and returned at 6 p.m. by some genuine relation. I was soon desperately routing out far-off members of the clan, and I found to my delight some third cousins twice removed, or something of the sort, and cornered them into "having me" for a Sunday.

'There were eight of us, I remember, for lunch. The first course on that occasion was Scotch broth—wonderful, almost solid Scotch broth with everything in it, and served in vast, deep, soup-plates of willow-pattern blue. I laid into mine like a bulldozer, and was, I suppose, a third of the way through when I realized that apart from the noise of my eating there was silence in the dining-room; and that all heads were bowed. My uncle—if he was my uncle—was waiting at the head of the table, and when my lapping-up subsided, he said in a booming baritone: "For what we are about to receive, and for what Alan has already received, may the Lord make us truly thankful". It quite put me off the rest of the meal: I could only manage three helpings of treacle roly-poly.

'A few weeks ago, to move a little higher in the social scale of first courses, I was in Rome: and in Rome, apart from St. Peter's, and the Vatican, and so on, there are two restaurants run by the same admirable gentleman where the first course speciality is *fetuccine*. I know it sounds like a composer, or the kind of opera they put on at Glyndebourne on damp summer evenings, but actually *fetuccine* is a type of macaroni—the thin, flat variety that looks rather like ticker-tape. In these restaurants *fetuccine* is a "must", and we ordered it for our first course—with something quite light (it was escalope of veal with all the trimmings) to follow. An artist, obviously the doyen of the *fetuccine* business, prepares the *fetuccine* personally at the side of each table. And you've never seen such a preparation. You have also never seen so much *fetuccine*. There were two of us, and most of the other tables were occupied, and when the *fetuccine* arrived we naturally thought it was for the whole restaurant.

'Then the maestro got to work. He heaved the *fetuccine* into strange and fascinating shapes; he conducted it like a symphony; he knitted it into scarves and cardigans and pullovers; at times he threw it in mid-air and fielded it with a deftness and accuracy seldom displayed by English Test cricketers; he bullied and pummelled and struck it; and all the time he kept adding more butter. *Fetuccine*, it seems, responds to this treatment by swelling; and by the end of the performance, when our respective portions were placed in front of us, neither of us could see the other across the table. It was absolutely gorgeous, but it struck us as sad that, even after stuffing ourselves silly, we still had to leave enough, or so it seemed, to feed all the starving children in Italy. As it was, we had to smuggle the escalopes of veal inside the *Continental Daily Mail* and slip them behind a radiator when no one was looking. But that was a first course to remember'.



Legal and Moral Responsibility

By H. D. LEWIS

THE word 'responsibility' meant at first liability to answer, and this carried with it the implication that if the answer was not satisfactory, if we could not give a proper account of our deeds, we were liable to be punished or proceeded against in some way. This is still the meaning of the word in law. To be legally responsible is to be the sort of person who may be punished in certain contingencies.

Keeping Within the Law

But law is one thing, morality another. We can be vicious in many ways without breaking the law, and history and fiction are full of examples of people who have done abominable things, or acted in a mean and detestable spirit, while keeping well within the law. We may likewise be legally guilty and morally innocent. This might happen if we broke the law in genuine ignorance of which it would not be practicable to take account, as the courts would normally do; but we may break the law deliberately and deserve high praise for it. Those who disobey nazi laws in our time, preferring to suffer death or brutality in concentration camps, have earned our lasting esteem.

Normally the instrument of reform is persuasion, and where there is proper scope for this, the duty to conform is very high indeed. Law-abiding procedure is usually more important than righting a particular wrong, and no one should forget that to have a right is not the same thing as having a right to insist on that right. If we took the law into our own hands, as officials or private citizens, the moment we thought there was injustice there would be chaos. Appreciation of this, and respect for constitutional procedure, is an important feature of British tradition and history, and that presents one of the main ways in which we may contribute to world affairs today. We are perhaps a little unmindful of this heritage at present and too prone to resort to unconstitutional methods, in industrial disputes for example, the moment we think our rights or privileges are endangered. On the other hand it is impressive how much radical change has been brought about (one might almost say a social revolution), in medical service or the nationalization of industries, for example, despite sharp and indeed bitter opposition on the part of a large section of the community—and yet without violence or disorder.

A point may, however, be reached, even in democracies, where the individual must obey his own conscience rather than the law. Each one must finally decide for himself where this point is reached—for the pacifist it comes if he is asked to fight or to support a war. But no one is morally infallible, neither the majority nor the minority; the lone individual may be a crank or an inspired reformer. There is a right and wrong to our disputes, the truth is there to seek, but no one has an absolute monopoly of it. We have thus to weigh the issue carefully and with much searching of heart before we try the strong medicine of resistance or disobedience, and if we feel impelled to do so we shall do well to consider the extreme good sense and humility with which Sir Thomas More came reluctantly but bravely to the point of being 'the king's good servant, but God's first'.

Inward Justification

It should be added that moral worth will not turn on the soundness of our judgment, in these or other matters, but on our integrity and firmness. A person may be outwardly wrong to disobey the law, but inwardly or morally justified. In these ways then it becomes plain that law is one thing, morality another. The more the law conforms to ethical standards the better, but there are many moral matters which it would be foolish to try to enforce by law.

Legal responsibility is liability to punishment. Does punishment come into moral responsibility? I should like here to refer to the

three main ways in which we usually think of punishment—as retributive, reformatory, or deterrent. On the retributive view there is some inherent suitability in punishment, the deed calls for it for its own sake as it were. This must not be confused with vengeance which is for the satisfaction of our own feelings. But even so, and in spite of my regard for the eminent people of today and the past who hold the retributive view, I do not myself see that the situation of wrongdoing is directly improved by the infliction of pain on the offender. I also doubt whether punishment brings about much genuine reform. The more we can combine with punishment other measures for reform the better, but these—being allowed books or taught a trade or having visits from the chaplain—are amenities or ameliorations, not part of the punishment proper. The suffering as such may indeed induce a man 'to go straight in future'—that is the main point of it. But does it make him genuinely sorry, and how often? I leave this fairly open, but for me the sole justification of punishment tends to be deterrence.

'A Bad Bargain'

We do not, in strictness, have to choose between these theories; they are not exclusive, and many still think that all three elements come into punishment. I incline to allow only the factor of deterrence, to make it, in famous words, 'a bad bargain for the offender', including of course would-be offenders; and even if retribution were inherently appropriate I do not see how one could apply it without knowing a good deal more about one another's hearts than is possible for us or necessary for the inevitably rough-and-ready business of enforcing the law.

Many who share this view are apt to take a further step. They observe that we could make good sense of punishment as deterrence even if our conduct were determined, provided we were physically free and knew what we were doing, and so on. For the fact that I had to do what I did, being the sort of person I was at the time, would not prevent the punishment I receive from affecting my conduct, or that of others, on some future occasion. We house-train puppies on a similar basis. It is then added that moral responsibility is in essentials like legal responsibility, it also consists in liability to punishment of some sort; and since punishment as deterrence is compatible with determinism we seem to have here an easy solvent of the old problem of free will. It was in fact a pseudo-problem all along.

This seems to me gravely mistaken. It implies, as its advocates themselves sometimes stress, that there is no difference between the kleptomaniac and the thief except that the conduct of the thief can be affected by punishment; and this leaves out what matters most about moral accountability. For whether moral guilt calls for punishment or not, that is not the main thing about it; moral responsibility is prior to punishment, and it calls for a sort of freedom which is not disclosed, but rather obscured, by easy assimilation of morality to law. This is best brought out if we consider the sharp distinction we draw between moral and non-moral estimates of worth. Pain is a non-moral evil. You do not think the worse of me if I am in pain, you sympathize with me and help. You rejoice when I am well and happy again. We likewise think it a good thing to be an athlete, or a poet, or a gifted mathematician. We are sorry when people are stupid or inept, but we do not think ill of them or blame them provided they try their best. Few of us understand higher mathematics, but we do not feel guilty on that account.

Moral badness, in short, is entirely different from any other badness; and moral goodness is different from other things also good in themselves. To be a poet, or to enjoy poetry, is a fine thing, but it is not at all the same sort of fine thing as being a good man; and the root difference here turns on the special

freedom we have to be good or bad in the moral sense. There is freedom in art or the attainment of knowledge, indeed there are many sorts of freedom, superb in their way. But the freedom which makes us morally good or bad, which gives point to what we say or feel about wickedness, is a freedom of choice, not in the sense of having a certain aptitude, physical or intellectual, but in the sense that we could have done other than we did, although everything else, including our own nature at the time, were the same. It is an ultimate, absolute choice.

What We Expect of One Another

But, you may object, this is absurd. No one has such a choice. We act in character, we rely on one another, and life would be impossible if we did not. I come to the studio to broadcast, expecting the producer, barring accidents, to be here; he expects me and has every reason to assume that, unless I become suddenly delirious, I will give my talk and not break into song or stand on my head in the middle. We do not, in short, expect 'any action of any man at any time'. There is obvious continuity of character and conduct, and although we miscalculate at times, we also know very largely what to expect of one another. Free will, as absolute choice, seems thus absurd.

It would be absurd if it meant that we could act out of character at *any* time and in *any* regard. That is the absurdity of which the libertarian is often accused. But he is rarely guilty of it, little though his critics today seem to think so. He only holds that there are some respects, and some occasions, when we have absolute choice; and these are set for us when properly moral matters are involved. If, on the whole, I most want to do one thing, but think it my duty to do something else, then, and then only, it seems to me, I have a choice not determined by character or heredity or environment or anything else. I may do my duty, or I may not. The possibilities are genuinely and finally open. It is not genuinely open to me to burst into song in the broadcasting studio. Physically I could, but I have not the slightest urge to make a fool of myself in that way. It is plainly not my duty to do so. In the last resort, being the person I am in these circumstances, I am bound to continue my talk to the end. In different conditions, offered a sufficiently large bribe, I might prefer to sing instead, and I might think it a duty to do so if a sufficiently handsome donation were made in return to some important cause.

In the latter case, and perhaps in the first, there would be a real conflict of duty and interest, as there would be, to take a more serious example, if the building were on fire or being bombed and there was reason, as in the war, why the broadcast should continue. I might, in this case, most want to run from danger and have thus to make a moral effort to resist the temptation to escape and to overcome my fear. It is the choice to make, or not make, such an effort that is free, and moral worth or disvalue turns on the effect we make, or fail to make, in situations of this sort, not directly on the outward nature of the action.

The conditions in which we exercise choice vary much from one person to another; some would be less frightened than others, for example, if the building were on fire, or more impressed by possibilities of glory or reward. Only the individual himself knows when the supports are inadequate, when character as a whole, and not merely in part, is too weak to induce us by nature to act as we should, and when thus only a moral effort can make us do right. The temptations of one man are not those of another, or of the same man at some other time. The temptations of Tolstoy were not those of Gandhi. For most of us stealing is no temptation; putting it at its lowest the risks to our jobs and reputations are too obvious. But many people are tempted to steal, and we might be tempted too in some situations. Some people are, again, by nature benevolent and patient, others more self-regarding or suspicious, some more good humoured, some more sensitive, and so on. And the call of duty upon us will vary much in these ways, and according to circumstances. But that we should continue to regard ourselves as responsible beings liable to have to make excruciating moral choices, and not merely be deciding what our preferences are, is of the utmost importance for the worth and dignity of human life as a whole, and for the health of society.

This is not altered if we find that, for certain practical purposes,

all we need consider is the reasonableness of a penalty as a deterrent. Let us, by all means, have enlightened or humanitarian views of the treatment of crime. The moral guilt of the criminal, and of all of us in what we do wrong, remains. This may be hard to assess, but it must not be overlooked, even in the courts. It would be absurd for a judge, in sentencing a criminal, to address him as if he were like some unfortunate person who had a highly infectious illness and had to be compulsorily isolated. The criminal has normally brought his punishment on himself by moral as well as legal wrong-doing; he is not just a case to be treated, and it is not for his own good or that of others to think so. The judge is the mouthpiece of the community, and the court, like the pulpit, is a place where the moral quality of conduct is to be upheld and the sense of moral responsibility deepened. But this must be done without smugness or suggesting that crime is the only form of wickedness; nor should it affect the form and degree of the penalty.

There are also difficult pathological cases where it is hard to assign responsibility. Perhaps these are not as common as some writers suggest. Most of us are fully accountable most of the time; and whatever we say of hard cases, we need, most of all in times of stress and confusion, to have the sense of ultimate moral responsibility maintained. To this end we have much to counter in current theology as well as in social science and psychology, and it is for each one to help in his own way by closer heed to that part of our responsibility which consists in considering carefully where our own precise responsibilities lie.

—Third Programme

Devonport

I saw two sailors in Devonport city
Their bones were of shell and their eyes were marine.
Never forget, said the one to the other,
The deeds we have done and the sights we have seen.

As they came down Ker Street by Devonport Column,
By the Egyptian and Oddfellows' Hall,
No sound was heard from the Nile-voiced oracle,
Beak-faced, indifferent, marching the wall.

In the Old Chapel I sat with my doxy,
Down came the sun with its streamers of gin,
Down by the Forum a blind-fingered fiddler
Felt for a tune that was crazy as sin.

Empty the gallows-rope blew on the morning,
Empty your heart when you wake up in bed,
Stare in despair at the face there beside you,
Find that, like you, it is dead, it is dead.

I went down Union Street calling ah calling,
Turning my tongue on the rim of the tide,
Do you recall how we three sailed together?
We never heard of you, mister, they cried.

Swore that whenever misfortune befell us
Nothing should sever the spell I now speak?
Only the wind shoving down from the Dockyard
Troubled the waters about Stonehouse Creek.

Lightly they walked on the lap of the morning,
Their hair was of pluch and their tongues sweet as tar
While high in the heaven a love-killed old kitchhawk
Bawled on the blue like an opera star.

Blithely O blithely the casual morning
Burned life away as the leaf on a tree,
Only the sun spun its mad hoop beside me
And down at the end of the street smirked the sea.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Queen, Pope, and Council

By FATHER MICHAEL O'DWYER

IN this age when Christians everywhere talk of unity, it is strange—and not a little sad—to look back across 400 years to an ecumenical venture of the sixteenth century that failed. Nobody writing on the history of ecumenism, or tracing the evidence through the generations, can fairly neglect the efforts of Pope Pius IV. At the same time, one has to avoid reading the present back into the past. The ecumenical mood of our time is the result of many factors; but may we not say that a kind of disillusion with individualism in theology is the most powerful factor of all? Chesterton used to put it that one can no more have a private religion than a private sun or moon: the sort of remark which it takes perhaps centuries to vindicate. At any rate, 1561 is not 1961, and the mood of today is very different from that which prevailed in the third year of the reign of Elizabeth I.

Among many curious documents in the volumes of the Catholic Record Society there is a list of prisoners in the Tower of London for the year 1561. Most of these were notable men and women of the time—for example, Lords of the Council during Mary Tudor's reign—and they came, nearly all of them, from the county of Essex: Sir Edward and Lady Waldegrave, Sir Thomas and Lady Wharton, Lord Hastings of Loughborough, and others of comparable distinction—thirty or so in all. You may wonder what their offence had been. They were arrested for the legal offence of having Mass in their houses; and that, in 1561, was a serious matter. But there was more to it than an infringement of the Act of Uniformity. The unhappy plight of Sir Edward Waldegrave and his companions represents in a dramatic way the end of an attempt by Pope Pius IV to get the English

bishops and Elizabeth I to the Council of Trent. It was not the Pope's fault, I may say, that the attempt failed; nor, for that matter, was Elizabeth entirely to blame, either. The fact is that the time was out of joint for ecumenical ventures; and, indeed, one must feel uneasy about using the word 'ecumenical' to describe the diplomatic activity that went on between Rome, Spain, France, and England in the period between 1559 and 1561.

The Pope was making the strongest efforts to heal the Reformation breach; and Elizabeth, in her conversations with Bishop de Quadra, the Spanish Ambassador in London, deplored, as she said, the break-up of Christendom. Philip II of Spain had his own reasons for thinking the moment inopportune for any papal advances to Elizabeth; and William Cecil, her chief secretary of state, a convinced Calvinist, felt that nothing could be more undesirable than a reconciliation between London and Rome.

Pius IV was elected Pope on Christmas Day 1559, and Elizabeth had been on the throne of England just one year. England had gone and Germany had gone from the Church of Rome; France and Austria appeared to be as good as lost. Some indeed were saying that the borders of Italy and Spain would likewise fall away. The great achievement of Pope Pius IV's reign was the completion of the Council of Trent, a Council which was much interrupted by wars, but was sitting—off and on—from 1545 to 1563. On his election he decided to assemble the last session of the Council, and Elizabeth and England were much in his mind.

It is worth remembering that England in 1558 was in full communion with Rome, recognizing the Pope as the Head of the Church on earth, and the Mass as the accepted act of public worship. But in 1559 the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity removed the Mass and the Pope from the English scene. The old hierarchy resigned their sees or were deprived of them, and no one was left to speak for the Catholics of England but the Pope himself.

Historians, notably A. O. Meyer and W. P. M. Kennedy, have been critical of Roman inactivity in English affairs during those early years of Elizabeth's reign. At no time, it is suggested, did English Catholics feel themselves to be so utterly forsaken by the Church, so entirely cut off from Rome, as during this period. Neither Pope nor Council, neither Emperor nor Spanish king, had done anything whatever for them. No priest was ever sent to them. The papal oracle remained silent, and the thunders of a Roman pronouncement did not roar.

But this is not really true. There was intense diplomatic activity in Rome on behalf of English Catholics during those years, but because it was diplomatic in character it remained secret



Queen Elizabeth I: a portrait of about 1560 by an unknown artist

By courtesy of Captain E. G. Spencer-Churchill



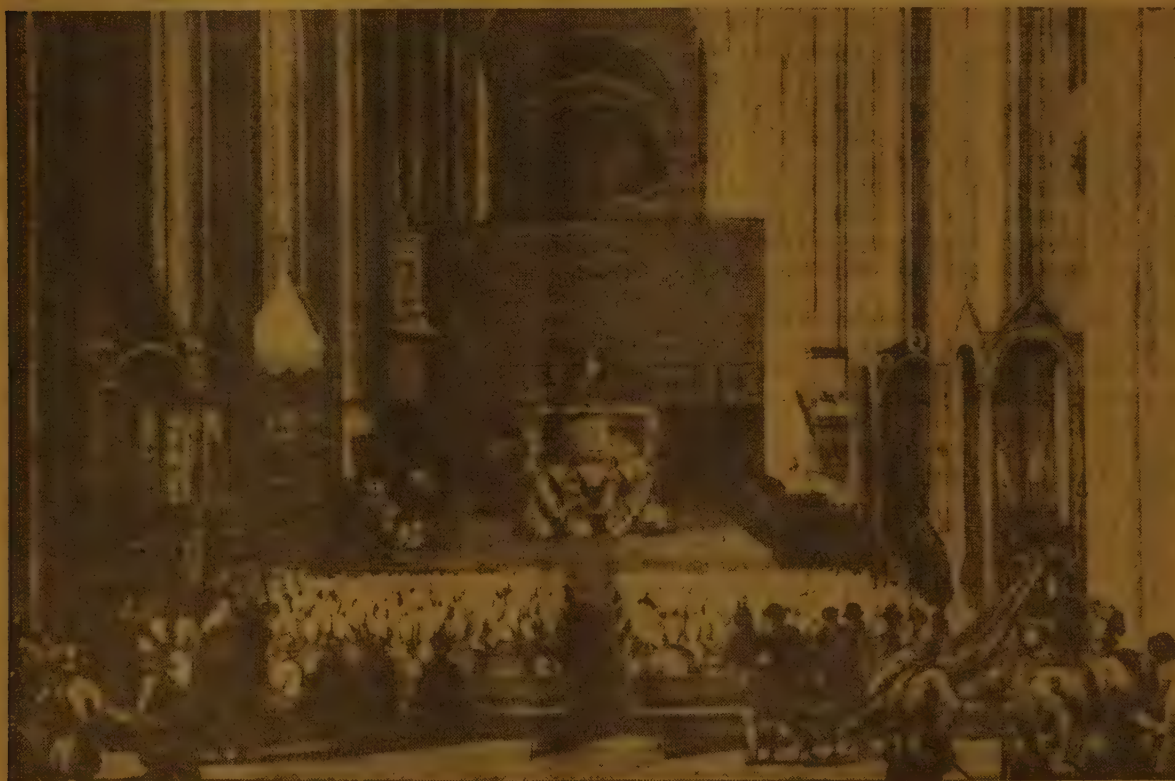
Pope Pius IV: a portrait possibly attributable to the Roman artist Lavinia Fontana

from the world in general for a long time. A Roman pronouncement did not roar because Pope Pius IV in particular hoped to win Elizabeth by gentler means, and even his predecessor, Paul IV, who indeed roared at the Emperor, Charles V, and threatened to try Cardinal Pole for heresy, even he did not move a finger against Elizabeth, for the same reasons. Pius IV tried to invite Elizabeth, as he invited the Protestant princes of Germany, to send representatives to Trent. And although his attempts failed, there survives to tell the tale not only the mute witness of the thirty prisoners in the Tower, but a mass of diplomatic correspondence reflecting papal concern for England, and the unity of

phaglia distributed £75 among the English exiles in the Low Countries, and left for Paris. It was the end of the first papal approach to Elizabeth, and its main interest lies in the light it throws on the motives of the various powers. It shows the Pope sincerely bent on reconciliation with England, while Spain and France were bent on political advantage. Elizabeth, always enigmatic, saying one day that she desired the reunion of Christendom and the next that she did not need to be taught her religion by the Pope, found a refuge in the jealousy and rivalry of her neighbours.

The next papal choice for this delicate mission was the Abbot

Martinengo, who had been nuncio in Vienna. He was given what we should call today a package deal. His business was limited to inviting Elizabeth to the Council; and the Pope hoped that if Martinengo could see the Queen such questions as the release from prison of the Catholic bishops and Elizabeth's return to the Faith might be settled later. Once more, Vargas, the Spanish ambassador in Rome, appeared to say that Philip still objected. Vargas refused to believe that Elizabeth wanted to take part in the Council, or that she wanted a Council, at all acceptable to the Pope. He had a point. All through the year 1561, the Queen's envoy in Germany and France was busy



The closing session of the Council of Trent on December 4, 1563, in Trent Cathedral: a painting by Titian in the Louvre
From 'The Councils', by L. von Matt (Burns and Oates)

Christendom, as well as the less reputable political ambitions of France and Spain.

Four months after his election, Pius IV sent an envoy to Elizabeth with an olive branch, though he meant her to understand that if she refused it he held a sword in reserve. It seems that the Popes were inclined to look upon Elizabeth's religious views as the product of whimsicality. There was also the hope that she might marry a Catholic, and thus return to the Church; so gentleness and forbearance were the marks of Pius IV's policy towards her. She must get rid of evil advisers, the Pope said, thus indicating that he did not hold her entirely responsible for the situation in England, or for the imprisonment of the old hierarchy.

The first envoy sent from the Pope was Vincenzo Parphaglia. He left Rome on May 25, 1560, and by June 16 was in Brussels. Unfortunately, Parphaglia was a friend of France, and therefore *persona non grata* with Spain. Philip was indeed anxious for the reunion of Christendom and for Elizabeth's return to the Church, but thought that he was the right person to bring this about. From his point of view, an England allied with France and Scotland against Spain was not desirable. Philip therefore kept the ring, while Protestantism secured its triumphs in these islands.

The Spanish ambassador in Rome objected strongly and successfully to Parphaglia's mission. England had just invaded Scotland, he reminded the Pope; and there was danger of a European war. This was not the moment for a Papal envoy to be in London. At the same time the Spanish ambassador in London wrote to Parphaglia advising him not to come, and Elizabeth was in the happy position (a position particularly dear to her) of having to say neither 'yes' nor 'no' to his entry. Par-

persuading the Princes to take no part in Trent.

Nevertheless the Pope, having received news from France that Elizabeth wanted to be invited to the Council, determined to send Martinengo. He, Pius IV, was by now weary of Philip's objections. Why did Elizabeth want to be invited at this time? The moment had arrived when it seemed possible for the Queen to make the only marriage she ever desired, namely with Dudley, and Dudley was seeking the help of Spain to this end. The Queen told the Spanish ambassador in London that she was grateful for Philip's support in the marriage venture, and there seemed to be hope of the release of the Catholic bishops and of their presence at the Council.

Martinengo reached Brussels in April 1561, but again Philip did not think it wise for a nuncio to appear in London just when the marriage negotiations were proceeding. Philip hoped that by supporting Dudley he would secure favourable conditions for the Catholics of England, and Elizabeth declared that she would receive Martinengo, but only as an envoy of the Bishop of Rome, since the laws of England denied the Pope the title of Head of the Church. At the same time, she declared that she would be grateful for the arrival of the papal envoy.

Martinengo stayed on in Brussels, having been told from Rome not to move to London until he had instructions to do so. A house was prepared for him at Greenwich, where the Queen could see him without attracting too much comment. Negotiations had got as far as that; but on April 14, 1561, a priest was arrested as he was leaving England. He was the chaplain to Sir Edward Walsgrave, and in his luggage they found a rosary and a breviary. When examined, the priest gave the name of his Catholic hosts, whereupon there was a general hunt for Catholic notables, and more than thirty people were sent to the Tower.

The imprisoned Catholic bishops were closely questioned on Cecil's orders, for he was determined to show that there was a project afoot for restoring the old religion, and that Mary's counsellors, the Spanish ambassador and the Catholic bishops, were all concerned in it. Before the end of April, Elizabeth was persuaded to refuse admission to Martinengo. It was the end of the affair. At a meeting of the Privy Council on May 1, the Lord Keeper, Nicholas Bacon, announced to that assembly that anyone who voted for the admission of the nuncio was guilty of high treason.

It looks as though, in the last act of the fiasco, it was Cecil who played the decisive role; and this is borne out by a letter which he sent to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, the English ambassador, in Paris:

When I saw the Romish influence toward, about a month past,

I thought it necessary to dull the Papists' expectations by discovering certain Mass mongers and punishing them, as I do not doubt you have heard of them, I take God to recall I mean no evil to them, but only for the rebating of the Papists' humours, which by the Queen's lenity, grow too rank. I find it hath done much good.

From Cecil's point of view a great deal of good. What chances were there of success supposing Martinengo had reached London? Very few, I should say. The whole spirit of the age was separatist and nationalist. The wounds inflicted by the Reformation were still too recent and raw. In our time there is a more hopeful spirit at work. We stand menaced by anti-Christian forces, under the pressure of which unity is not only seen to be desirable, but imperative. Most significant for us is not the similarity between 1561 and 1961 but the radical differences.—*Third Programme*

Choosing Students for the Universities

By L. C. SYKES

THIS month applications for admission to the universities in October 1962 are starting to come in, a trickle at first, soon to be a flood. During the winter, I expect to deal myself with hundreds of applications for admission to my university: a dozen at least for every place I can offer. What will be going on in the minds of people like myself, during all the hours we shall spend poring over these papers? I ought to say, first, that I shall have in mind mostly the applications made to universities more or less like my own University of Leicester—universities such as Liverpool or Sheffield or Birmingham or Reading or Southampton. The selection procedure is a little different at Oxford and Cambridge and some of the London colleges, chiefly because it involves special entrance examinations for most of their candidates. Another thing I ought to say at the beginning is that what goes on in my mind when I look at an application is, I am fairly sure, more or less the same as what goes on in the minds of hundreds of other university people doing the same job; but we are not machines, and we do not think exactly alike: so what I say is bound, to some extent, to be personal.

The Examination Record

The application forms are the same for all universities, with only slight variations. The first thing I have to give much thought to is the candidate's examination record. There are spaces on the form for 'O'-level results and 'A'-level results, with marks or grades. There are not enough places to go round, admission to the universities is competitive; and the best candidates are more likely to be found among those who have done well in examinations than among those who have done badly. For instance, here is a candidate who took three 'A'-levels last year: he barely passed in two of them and failed in one. On that form he has very little chance of getting through a degree-course. It may be just possible to keep him in the running, in case he does much better next year; but I rather doubt it. Here is another candidate with three 'A'-level passes, two of them with marks in the sixties: that is much more hopeful. Many candidates have not taken 'A'-level yet, so I look at their 'O'-level marks. These 'O'-level marks do not by themselves decide a candidate's fate, of course. But they do give some indication of his ability.

Both at 'O'-level, and even more at 'A'-level, I am interested in the particular subjects in which the candidate has done well or badly. Since I have to select candidates who want to specialize in French, I am naturally interested chiefly in their performance in French. I am also interested in their performance in subjects that are closely related to the study of French—subjects like English and Latin. If a candidate has not done very well in mathematics and science subjects, I do not take that too seriously. If he has done well in those subjects, I am impressed.

Obviously, anybody selecting candidates for physics would not look at the examination record in exactly the same way as I do: he would be certain to be especially interested in the candidate's performance in physics, and also in mathematics. And anybody choosing candidates for a general-degree course would probably be looking more for a good all-round performance than for high marks in one or two subjects.

So when we look at a candidate's examination record we are trying to form some idea of his ability, especially—but not exclusively—in relation to the course he wants to take at the university. Naturally, we need more information about the candidate than we can discover just from looking at his examination record. That may be misleading: it may fail to give a true idea of his ability. And in any case ability is not the only factor to be taken into account. It requires a great deal besides ability to make a good university student. So we need to know as much as we can about the candidate as a person; and there are two parts of the application form that give us that sort of information.

The first of these parts is filled in by the candidate himself, in a space where we ask him to 'give particulars of (a) offices held (prefect, etc.) and (b) his other interests and activities'. But more interesting, I think, is the other part of the form that tells us about the candidate's personal qualities: that is, the confidential report, which is written on the back of the form by the headmaster or headmistress, after the candidate has completed the rest of it.

The first heading in the report is 'Intellectual qualities'. What I am looking for here is, above all, some indication that the candidate is not merely capable of passing school examinations, but is mentally alert, keen on using his mind, both inside his special field of study and outside it. Universities are not for people who have to be pushed or coaxed into using their minds; they are for people who enjoy using them, and for people who enjoy using them in an academic way. Many eighteen-year-olds with first-class brains enjoy using them in a practical way; but most university courses are not meant to be practical—at least, not in any obvious sense. They are academic, or, if you like, theoretical.

Prospects of Development

The second heading on the form is 'Prospects of development'; and, to make the point clearer, there is this question as well: 'Does the candidate's present rate of development give you confidence that he or she will continue to make the progress necessary for the completion of a degree-course?' A most necessary question: because John and Mary can complete a sixth-form course, it does not follow that they can complete a university course. In academic jargon, they may have 'reached their ceiling'—either for lack of ability or for lack of interest. So we in the universities need to be assured, by somebody who knows the

candidate well, that he or she has a mind capable of further development.

The third heading is 'Character and personality (including reference to temperament, stability, and perseverance)'. These last words give the clue to what we are looking for here. Temperament: it had better be thoughtful, studious. It can be many other things besides; but I do not see much point in giving the candidate a place if he is not thoughtful and studious by nature, temperamentally fitted for the particular kind of activity that universities specialize in. Next, stability: the candidate wants a place in a university now, we know that: but is he the sort of chap who is likely to have changed his mind next year or the year after? University places are in short supply, so they obviously ought to be given to candidates mature enough to know their own minds. Then, perseverance: a university course is very far indeed from being drudgery, except for those who should not be attempting it, but it would not be worth much if it did not present difficulties, even to the brightest. Perseverance is certainly needed.

The fourth heading on our report form is 'Athletic, social, and other interests (including reference to the applicant's contribution to the common life in the school and outside)'. The main idea here is that in a university students learn much from each other, outside the lecture-room and the library and the laboratory. So every one of them ought to be able to make his particular contribution to the common fund. That is why we in the universities are interested to know, for example, that John Brown is leader of the school orchestra, and Mary Smith editor of the school magazine. There is room in the university for debaters and athletes, and chess-fiends and folk-dancers, and pot-holers and photographers and politicians. We can do with all of them, and many more: the bigger the variety, the better.

The last heading on the confidential report is rather a long one. The general sense of it is: 'If you think there is anything else

we ought to know about the candidate, please tell us'. So there is a chance for the head of the school to do any special pleading he thinks fit. He can draw attention to some outstanding merit, ask for sympathetic consideration of a candidate who has been handicapped in some way, and so on.

So that is the evidence we have, on paper, about the candidate's personal qualities. We study these confidential reports very closely. And after we have studied the evidence of the examination record, and the evidence the application-form gives us about the candidate as a person, many of us look for still more evidence: we ask candidates to come to see us—not all of them, but those who look the most promising 'on paper'.

How do we weigh up all the evidence? That is something I could not possibly explain, except by going through a dozen applications in detail. At the top of the scale and the bottom, it is not too difficult to decide to reject some candidates and accept others; but the difficulty arises, naturally, with the very large number of candidates who are neither very good nor very bad, whose applications are strong in some points and weak in others. How is a balance to be struck between the strong points and the weak points—a balance that will be fair to John Brown, who is rejected, as well as to John Smith, who is accepted? These are the questions that give us our worries, and it is certainly not possible to say in a few words how we arrive at our answers. But let me leave you in no doubt that two main factors are involved: one is the examination record, the other is personal quality.

I suppose most of us who have to deal with applications for admission to the universities remember that we were not model students ourselves. We are not expecting to find many candidates who are outstandingly strong at every point, and we are inclined to be indulgent to all kinds of shortcomings. But, after all, our task is to choose, and I hope that the factors we take into account in making our choice will seem to you to be reasonable.

—'Parents and Children' (Network Three)

Not So Elementary

JAMES HAMILTON on the structure of protons and neutrons

FIFTY years ago, at Manchester University, Ernest Rutherford and his helpers discovered the nucleus of the atom. They showed that at the centre of each atom there is a very small but massive object which carries a positive charge. This great discovery was a notable landmark in scientific progress, and it has recently been celebrated by a jubilee conference on nuclear physics at Manchester. Rutherford's experiment was followed directly by Niels Bohr's theory of the atom, and together the two are the basis for our understanding of most parts of physics and chemistry and a respectably large part of biology. Today new discoveries are being made in physics in a way which is reminiscent of that of Rutherford. Just as he penetrated the atom, so we are penetrating the proton and the neutron. If we can figure out their structure we shall have gone a long way further than him in understanding the basic facts of physics.

Rutherford knew that any large atom contained many electrons. Electrons are very light particles, and each carries one unit of negative charge. The atom as a whole is electrically neutral, so it must also contain something which carries positive charge; the total amount of positive charge must just balance the total negative charge carried by the electrons. Crudely, the problem was something like this. Suppose we think of an atom as being a fruit, and think of the soft or pulpy part as the space in which the electrons move; and let the pips, or stone, represent the carriers of the positive charge. The question then is whether the atom is like an orange, or a tomato, in which the pips are numerous and are distributed more or less throughout the pulp, or whether it is like a peach in which there is only one stone which lies at the centre. In other words, is the positive charge distributed in some way throughout the atom, or is it concentrated at the centre?

Rutherford obtained his answer from an experiment in which he fired fast alpha-particles at a thin sheet of metal foil. One can get an idea of what might happen to the alpha-particles in this way: suppose that a ten-ton truck moving at thirty miles an hour bears down on a line of small parked cars. One would expect the truck to knock a few of the cars out of the way, but it would go more or less straight on. If our truck hit several lines of cars, it would probably be slowed down a little, but it still would not be deflected much from its path. A truck would probably be about ten times as heavy as a car, but an alpha-particle is 7,000 times as heavy as an electron, and it is travelling very fast: so each atom, with its fifty or so electrons, should act like a row of very small and ineffective cars. One would obviously expect the alpha-particles to pass straight through the atoms in the metal foil, knocking out some electrons as they go. But this simple argument breaks down if atoms have any particles in them which are very much heavier than electrons, just as the truck would be deflected, or would recoil, if there were an occasional steam-roller parked among the small cars.

What Rutherford found was that most of the alpha-particles did pass straight through the foil, losing a little speed in the process. But few—very few—of the alpha-particles were deflected through large angles, and some even came straight back along their tracks. It looked as if there must be some steam-rollers around. So the deduction Rutherford made from his experiment was that inside the atom there was some object as heavy as, or probably much heavier than, the alpha-particle. A few of the alpha-particles hit this object and bounced back off it, but most of them missed it. Rutherford estimated the size of this object—it was no more than a one-ten-thousandth part of the radius of the atom—that is 10^{-12} centimetres (one millionth of a millionth of a centimetre). This small object, the nucleus, carries the whole

of the positive charge and contains more than 99.9 per cent. of the whole weight of the atom. So the atom is more like a peach than an orange, but it is indeed an odd sort of peach. The stone has a radius which is one-ten-thousandth part of the radius of the fruit, but it is made of such enormously dense material that it accounts for almost the whole of the weight.

Structure of the Nucleus

During the ten years up to 1939 the structure of the nucleus itself was worked out. It is like a small sphere, and it contains two kinds of particles—protons and neutrons. Nowadays we use the term nucleon to mean proton or neutron. Inside the nucleus the nucleons move around very fast—at about one-fifth of the speed of light—and they cannot do this and still remain in the nucleus unless there is a strong force holding them to each other. This force is called the nuclear force, and one can get some idea of its enormous strength by the fact that it is only a small part of its energy which is released in an atom bomb or in nuclear power stations.

This nuclear force, which holds the protons and neutrons together to form the nucleus, derives from a short-lived particle—the pi-meson or pion. A pair of nucleons will exchange a pion, and this exchanging process produces an attraction between the two nucleons. It is much the same as the way in which the exchange of an electron between two hydrogen atoms binds them together to form the hydrogen molecule. What happens is that a pion suddenly pops out of a proton, goes straight across to the neutron and disappears into it. A short time later the process is repeated in reverse. This curious behaviour of the pion has the effect of attracting the proton and the neutron together. One might almost say that the nucleons are held together by ping-pong, the ball being the pion.

The electron, the proton, the neutron, and the pion are among the smallest and simplest objects we know in nature. For this reason they are called elementary particles. The protons and neutrons make up all nuclei, and so they give almost all the weight of matter, as we know it. Clearly they are very basic objects of nature. So we ask, what do they look like; are they just geometrical points, or do they themselves have structure?

The idea that nucleons, that is, protons and neutrons, are massive points is the simplest of the two possibilities, and it was in fashion for some time. But there is a very simple observation which shows that this idea will not do. Nucleons are, in a way, like cricket balls in flight: they have spin. In the case of the proton, which has unit positive charge, this spinning motion should give rise to a magnetic effect, because if one moves an electric charge one always creates a magnetic effect. There is an elegant theory, by Professor Dirac of Cambridge, which tells us what the magnetic effect of the proton should be; and we know that Dirac's theory is correct, because it works almost precisely for the electron. But the proton's measured magnetic effect is three times what Dirac's theory predicts—and what is really much more surprising is that the neutron does have a magnetic effect, even though its charge is zero.

The Vanishing Pion

Obviously, the theory is incomplete. If we use Dirac's theory we must assume the nucleons to be massive points, but perhaps they are not—perhaps they have finite size. We look round for a mechanism to give them size, and one is at hand. You may remember that a proton and neutron when they are near each other are attracted together, and this force is caused by a pion popping out of the proton, crossing to the neutron and vanishing into it. Now suppose we have a proton but no neutron is near. What does the pion do, if anything? In fact the pion still pops out of the proton, but, not having anywhere to go, it soon jumps back in again. And so, if you could look at a proton you would see a sort of blur of charge, or cloud of charge, at the centre of which is what we might call the core of the proton. The core continually emits and absorbs the pions which form the cloud. The core always spins around its axis, and the cloud rotates in the same way. The rotating cloud of charge produces an extra magnetic effect, and this explains why the proton's magnetic effect is three times what Dirac's theory would predict.

We can also picture the neutron as a core surrounded by a

cloud of charge, the whole outfit being arranged so that the total charge is zero. The circulating charge in the cloud gives rise to the neutron's magnetic effect. So it is, after all, not so surprising that the neutron has a magnetic effect.

This model is on a very small scale. A medium-size nucleus has a radius about 10,000 times smaller than an atom. The charged clouds which form the outer parts of the nucleus are ten times smaller than a nucleus, and the cores are about five times smaller than the clouds. This puts the diameter of the core at one-fiftieth of a millionth of a millionth of a centimetre.

What evidence is there for all this? There are two types of experiment we can do, and they are both somewhat like Rutherford's experiment of fifty years ago. To examine structure on this very small scale we need projectiles of much higher energy than were available to Rutherford, and these are now produced in the modern accelerating machines. In one type of experiment electrons are fired at protons or neutrons. The way in which they are scattered shows clearly that the general features of our model of the nucleon are correct, and also allows us to measure the size of the cloud directly. In another type of experiment, pions themselves are fired at nucleons. Pions interact with other pions, as well as with nucleons, but the interactions are different. The pions are scattered by both core and cloud, but in a way which, once again, confirms the picture. Another interesting feature of these experiments is that they also show us the interactions between two pions.

Reliance on Indirect Experiments

It is surprising that we can find out about this. A pion only lives for 10^{-8} seconds (one hundredth of a micro-second), and we clearly cannot store such short-lived particles. Nor have we any high-energy machine which is capable of producing two intersecting beams of pions of sufficient intensity to observe any pion-pion scattering whatsoever. So we have to rely solely on indirect experiments, such as the one I have just described, for our knowledge of how pions scatter pions. Nevertheless, we are already learning a good deal about how pions scatter each other.

A well-known definition of a philosopher is that he is like a blind man searching in a dark room for a black cat that is not there. The theoretical physicist finding how pions scatter pions deserves a more concrete description. He is like a normal man in a dark room trying to find out what is happening between two fighting cats. He has no gloves, so he cannot approach the cats. His job is made a little harder by the well-known law of quantum mechanics according to which the two cats are in every way indistinguishable.—*Science Survey* (Network Three)

The Annual Report and Accounts of the British Broadcasting Corporation 1960-61 has just been published by the Stationery Office (10s. 6d.). One paragraph in the introduction to the report suggests that sound broadcasting is at the moment playing a part in the morning and midday hours which has been largely unaffected by the growth of the audience for television. 'The B.B.C.', the report says, 'should do more than it is at present able to do to meet the varied daytime needs of listeners. There is the need for an earlier start to the day's programmes, for people who are up and about before 6.30 a.m. in preparation for their work; a similar extension is needed at the other end of the day after midnight, for late-night workers. There is the need for more music during the day; the use of the B.B.C.'s third network during the daytime (when it is at present silent) would enable the B.B.C. to meet this need by giving "serious" music in Network Three and "light" in the Light Programme—without curtailing the many other kinds of programmes which are preferred by non-musical listeners. The B.B.C. proposes both these improvements'.

* * *

New Poems 1961 (Hutchinson, 18s.), the ninth in the series of P.E.N. anthologies, has been edited by William Plomer, Hilary Corke, and Anthony Thwaite. A number of the poems in it first appeared in *THE LISTENER*. Contributions (not more than two poems) for the *eleventh* volume, which will be edited by Lawrence Durrell, should be sent (with a stamped addressed envelope and, if acknowledgment is required, a stamped addressed postcard) to the Editor, *New Poems 1963*, P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3, not later than March 1, 1962. Poems which have been broadcast or published in periodicals are eligible, but not poems which have appeared in book form.

Animal Clocks

By A. D. LEES

SOME people are able to wake up in the morning at a time that they have decided on the previous night; and air travellers who have been rapidly transported several thousand miles east or west often feel hungry or sleepy at the wrong time of day, just as if their bodies were still adjusted to the previous local time. But, despite such instances as these, man's conscious time sense is really rather feeble; that is why, with the increasing complexity of civilization, he has had to invent a mechanical aid to time-keeping—the clock. On the other hand, many other animals—even quite simple ones—are able to measure time with considerable accuracy. They do so by means of physiological mechanisms which are, in effect, clocks.

In general, most animals are active either by night or by day. At first sight this is hardly remarkable as they might merely be following external clues, such as the alternation of light and darkness. In order to test this possibility the animal has to be studied in the laboratory, where the environment can be carefully controlled. We can then try to make conditions as uniform as possible by keeping the light on continuously, by maintaining an even temperature, and so forth. Activity can then be measured in various ways. If the animal is a hamster—hamsters are favourite subjects for investigations of this kind—we can provide him with a running wheel to play with, and then measure the rotations automatically. The result of this experiment is striking: the hamster's main burst of activity in the running wheel still begins at the same time each evening, just as if he could still see the outside world. Although this is fairly strong evidence that the hamster's behaviour is governed by an internal clock, it is still possible that we have overlooked some external factor which varies regularly every twenty-four hours and that we have failed to eliminate it. But this becomes much less likely if a group of animals is studied. For we then find that the hamsters' clocks apparently do not keep precisely the same time. Some run a little slow, so that the activity of these individuals begins slightly later each day; others have clocks which gain a few minutes daily. The important point is that if the rhythm were guided by some unknown physical event which was linked to the solar day, the periodicity should be exactly twenty-four hours in all the hamsters.

Although its internal clock lacks complete precision, this does not matter to the animal in its natural environment since the timing of the rhythm is readily reset by external light changes. This again can be proved experimentally. We can, for example, reverse the light and dark periods, giving light when it is dark outside and darkness when it is light. We then observe that the rhythm gradually shifts, and within a few days becomes synchronous with the new cycle. This is rather like shifting the hands of the clock. This is probably what happens in nature. Slight innate errors in time measurement are constantly being corrected by external light changes.

In other ways physiological clocks are well protected from interference. Metabolic changes or drugs have little effect. And, like all good clocks of human design, they are compensated for moderate temperature changes. But they can be stopped if the

animal is cooled sufficiently. They start up again when the temperature is restored.

Persistent daily rhythms are found almost everywhere in nature: the colour changes in a shore crab; the activity pattern of a cockroach, the phosphorescent flashing of a unicellular marine organism, and the emergence of a fly from its pupal case—these are just a few examples which biologists have studied. In the human body, the level of carbohydrate stored in the liver, the blood-cell count, and many other physiological events show daily fluctuations of the same sort.

In many of these examples the timing mechanism appears to act as an alarm clock which sets off some other process at fixed time-intervals. But animals in which direction-finding is vitally important have internal clocks which function as true chronometers; these can, as it were, be 'consulted' at any time of the day. Honey bees, migratory birds, and the common sandhopper on our beaches are familiar examples.

In all these animals the sun is the chief guide to orientation. At any given moment the animal tends to maintain a definite angle with the sun; if the angle is suddenly altered by allowing it to see only the sun's image reflected in a mirror, it changes direction accordingly. However, both bees and migratory birds can maintain a given compass direction for hours or days; and during this time the sun's position is constantly changing. This suggests that they must compensate for the

movement by orienting to a constantly changing sun angle. This is the same thing as saying that the animal has a chronometer, the dial of which is marked out in angles and not in minutes and hours. The reality of this so-called sun compass has been proved by letting trained starlings react to an artificial fixed sun in the form of an electric-light bulb. In the most striking cases the compass direction in which the birds seek food changes progressively throughout the day, just as the theory would predict: they are making continual corrections for the non-existent movement of the artificial sun, as they would do if it were real.

I want to turn now to an entirely different sort of clock, one that indicates the time of year and not the time of day. Except on the Equator, the length of night and day varies in a characteristic manner throughout the year. Many animals and plants respond to the day's length, using it as a kind of calendar. The hibernation of insects and the breeding cycles of birds are often geared to this factor. Another striking example is provided by aphids or greenfly. These insects have different seasonal forms. In the vetch aphid *Megoura*, which is typical of many, the summer females are viviparous, producing their offspring in an advanced state of development. This mode of reproduction enables them to colonize their host plants with astonishing rapidity. The autumn forms look quite different; and their mode of reproduction is also different, since they lay yolky eggs which are adapted for surviving the winter.

The essential feature of natural days and nights is their length and this can readily be imitated in the laboratory. You need no more than an ordinary lamp and a time switch of the type used to control street lighting. When aphid colonies are exposed every day to a long light period of sixteen hours, the viviparous—that is, the summer—form is produced indefinitely; but if one makes it a short day of twelve hours, the autumn forms appear without fail in the next generation. And so the aphids must be measuring



Summer and (right) autumn forms of the female vetch aphid *Megoura* which, by means of a built-in 'clock', is capable of measuring the seasonal length of daylight and adapts its mode of reproduction accordingly



the length of the night or day. In fact, the response depends on whether the light period is longer or shorter than a certain critical value. In the aphid this critical day-length is fourteen hours fifty-five minutes: this corresponds in nature to a day in late August in the latitude of London. Near this critical point the aphid can easily detect a difference of only fifteen minutes in the day-length—which is a rather striking performance.

A day-length clock is almost as good as a calendar, though not quite. This is because a day-length clock is incapable of distinguishing between autumn and spring, since short days occur in both seasons. The aphid gets over this ambiguity by having a second timer, which puts the day-length response out of action for about fifty days in early spring, just after the first aphids have hatched from the winter eggs. During this period of delay, several successive generations of viviparous aphids are born. The interesting point here is that the eventual recovery of the short-day response does not depend on the number of intervening generations, but only on the passage of time. This must mean that the information registered by the second clock is transmitted from cell to cell and from generation to generation.

I have spoken about the properties of biological clocks, but I have not said where they are. Single cells must have their timing mechanisms but their precise whereabouts have so far eluded discovery. Clocks are slightly easier to look for when they are associated with specialized tissues in various organs. Recently, some ingenious experiments by Dr. Janet Harker in Cambridge have led to the identification of the twenty-four-hour clock in the cockroach. These insects normally begin their foraging activities soon after nightfall. A clock must be involved, for insects which have previously been kept in alternating light and darkness have a marked persistent rhythm when they are tested in constant illumination. At the same time cockroaches which have been kept all their lives in constant light have no rhythm at all and move about at irregular intervals.

Cockroaches are sufficiently hardy to withstand surgery. In fact, it is possible to join them back-to-back in the fashion of Siamese twins, so that they have a shared blood circulation. If an insect with a good rhythm is grafted on to the back of a rhythmless insect which is then allowed to run about freely, the lower cockroach soon develops a rhythm of its own. What is more, this turns out to be the same as, and in phase with, the rhythm previously displayed by the upper member of the pair. This can only mean that activity is induced by the periodic liberation into the blood of some factor or hormone. Where does it come from? Dr. Harker tested different organs by transplantation. The only organ with this pace-making function proved to be the ganglion forming the ventral part of the brain. Besides large numbers of ordinary nerve cells this contains a few very large neurones, which are specialized for secreting hormones. It is likely that these so-called neurosecretory cells (which even go on secreting rhythmically after they have been separated from other parts of the nervous system) actually constitute the clock.

There is no doubt that some other types of clocks are also located in the central nervous system. This is certainly true of the day-length timers in birds and insects. In birds the mechanism seems to be sited in that part of the brain known as the hypothalamus. In the aphid the timer is also in the brain. This has been found by studying the sensitivity of different parts of the body to light. In order to do this, special microilluminators were



Two animals whose 'internal clocks function as true chronometers': migrating birds—

designed. These consisted of minute filaments of transparent plastic which were mounted so as to conduct light from small shielded torch bulbs. These threads could then be attached to different parts of the insect for the necessary period each day.

The results showed that the young embryos developing in the abdomen of the parent aphid were not directly sensitive to light. But these same embryos always responded perfectly when the head of the parent insect was illuminated. This meant that the development of the embryos into the summer or autumn forms was controlled by a centre in the head of the parent—a centre producing a hormone.

It was something of a surprise to find that the eyes, although large and well developed, have nothing to do with the response. The light detectors, which are part of the day-length clock, are actually located inside the brain, and light reaches them through the semi-transparent skin. We are still looking for the precise position of the clock. At the moment, the most likely candidate is yet another group of neurosecretory cells, this time in the upper part of the brain. So we can see that the ability to measure time is widespread in animals, and we are beginning to understand where some of the clocks are located. But we are still left with the challenging task of finding out what makes them tick.



—and honey bees

Eric Hosking

—Network Three

The Boyhood of Byron

By CUTHBERT GRAHAM

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in January 1788, at 16 Holles Street, London, with three handicaps that haunted him for the rest of his life. One was his lameness, thought to have been caused by a tightening of the Achilles tendon due to retarded respiration at birth. As a result he always walked on the toe of that foot. Another was his heredity, one of the darkest that any child could be saddled with; and the third was the fact that his father, 'Mad Jack Byron', was an incorrigible gambler and spendthrift, already separated from his mother, and never to live with her for more than a few days for the rest of his life.

Byron's Ancestry

On his mother's side he was descended from King James I of Scotland, whose daughter married the Earl of Huntly. Their third son became Sir William Gordon, the first laird of Gight. Byron's mother was Catherine Gordon, the unlucky thirteenth and last of this line of Gordons, whose story reads like a page from the Newgate Calendar, replete with battle, murder, and sudden death. The first two lairds died in battle. The third was killed in a duel. John, who was the eldest son of the fourth laird, was hanged for murdering Lord Moray. William, the fifth laird, had at least four murders to his account. George, the sixth laird, told his wife: 'Jean, I can tak' no rest. I know I will die upon a scaffold. There is an evil turn in my hand which I avow to God presently to perform'. The seventh laird was excommunicated. The eighth besieged his mother's house. How the ninth and tenth lairds died is obscure.

It was at this stage that a pure Aberdonian strain entered Byron's ancestry, for the lands now passed to Mary Gordon who married Alexander Davidson of Newton, descendant of a long line of Aberdeen burgesses. Their son, Alexander Davidson Gordon, was drowned in the Ythan, and their grandson—Byron's grandfather—committed suicide by drowning himself in the Bath Canal.

Byron's mother inherited an estate valued in those days at £22,000. She was a plump, high-spirited girl, warm-hearted but light-headed, and at Bath she met and married Jack Byron, scion of a line as ancient and as wild as her own: handsome, dashing, dandyish, and already so deep in debt that he drew up a list of eligible heiresses and fixed on the richest of them as his victim.

The Byrons came over with William the Conqueror, and Byrons fought at Crecy and Bosworth Field. Another Byron commanded a cavalry regiment for Charles I at Edgehill and Marston Moor. In both these battles he charged too soon, and 'for this double blunder', as André Maurois put it, was created Baron Byron of Rochdale.

Violent Impetuosity

Violent impetuosity remained the family characteristic, and, at the time of Byron's birth, the family home at Newstead Abbey was being made desolate by his great-uncle, the 'Wicked Lord Byron', who had killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth of Annesley, but was released after trial by the House of Lords. This man's brother, Admiral John Byron, nicknamed 'Foulweather Jack', was the poet's grandfather. His father 'Mad Jack' had held a captaincy in the Brigade of Guards, but eloped with Lady Carmarthen, wife of the Lord Chamberlain of England, fled with her to France and married her there, after she had been divorced by the Lord Chamberlain. Their romance did not last long. The ex-Lady Carmarthen, who was Baroness Conyers in her own right, died shortly after giving birth to Augusta, Byron's half-sister.

Next year—on the unlucky thirteenth of May 1785—Jack Byron married Catherine Gordon, and proceeded with rapidity

to squander her fortune. Rumours of a separation began two months after their marriage, and in a short time they went to live in France to evade Jack's creditors. The entire estate of Gight was sold to the Earl of Aberdeen to pay 'Mad Jack's' gambling debts. Picturesque omens were not lacking: the heronry of Gight took flight across the Ythan, and the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer was fulfilled:

When the herons leave the tree
The Laird o' Gight will landless be.

When Catherine became pregnant she left France, and went alone, and virtually friendless, to London to have her baby. Early in 1790, when Byron was two years old, she moved to Aberdeen where she could live more cheaply, and took lodgings in the house of James Anderson, a perfumer, in Queen Street. 'Mad Jack' followed her there in the autumn. At first he shared his wife's rooms, but there were rows in which Catherine threw about the crockery, and Jack flitted to fresh quarters at the other end of the same street.

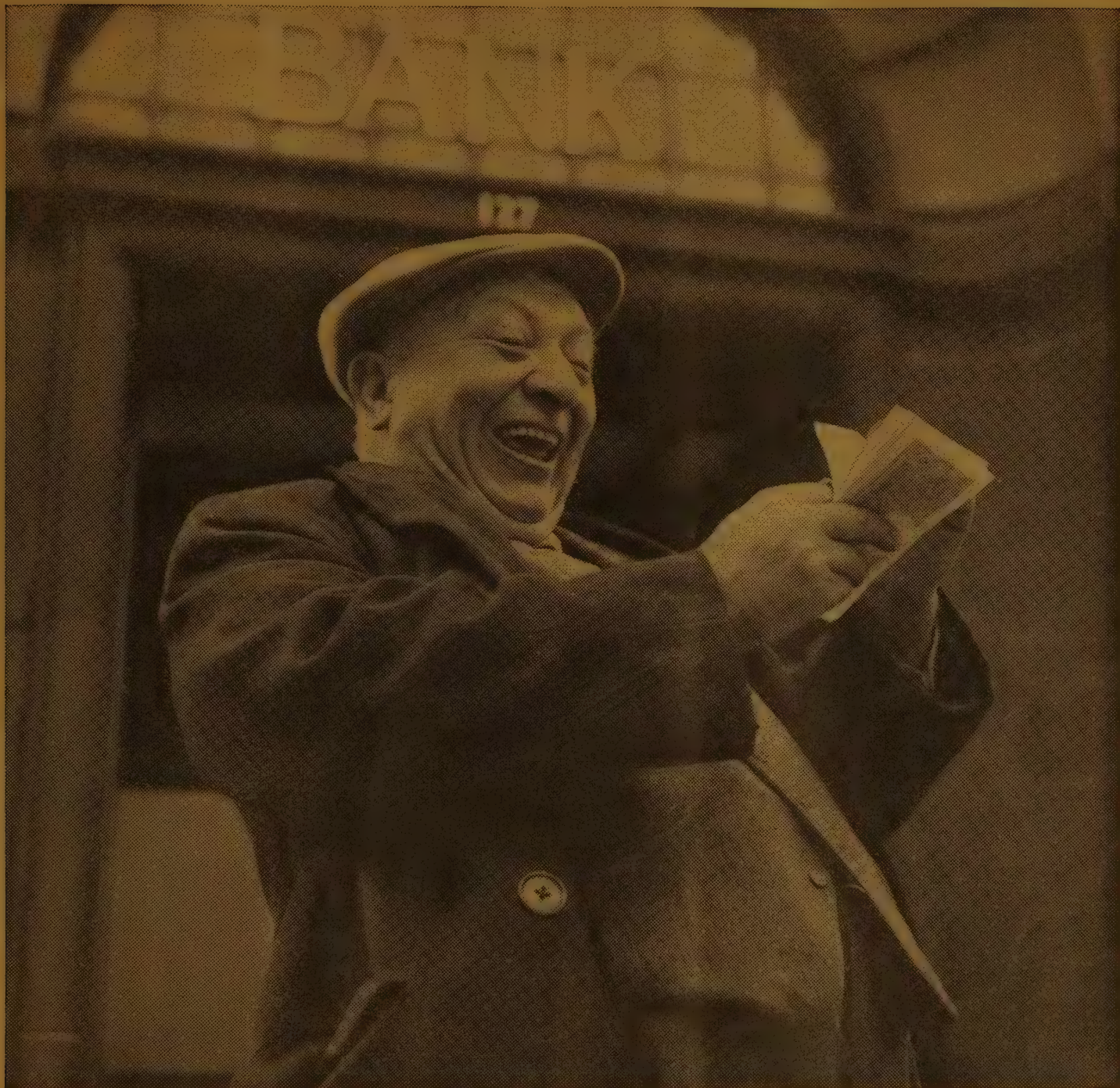
That September Byron's parents parted for the last time. After signing a deed—still on record in Aberdeen—empowering his wife to obtain certain monies still due from the sale of Gight, Jack went to live in France, where he died in the following year. Mrs. Byron was left with an income of £150 a year, afterwards reduced to £135, through paying more of her husband's debts. This was little enough to keep herself and her little boy and their maid, Agnes Gray. But there was probably no city in Britain where spartan living was easier and carried less social stigma.

Local Legends

Byron's best-known biographers have tended to depict his boyhood as a tale of woe. But in fact Mrs. Byron was able to rent a six-roomed house in Broad Street, then the principal street in Aberdeen. Local legends of these days are legion. There is the saucer with a gap in the rim which the infant Byron was said to have bitten in a tantrum; the frock which he tore from top to bottom in resentment at being scolded; the toy whip with which he struck a gossiping neighbour who commented on his lameness.

Before he was five his mother sent him to the mixed infant school run by Bodsby Bower. It was held in a bare room with holes in the floor. The noise was deafening. The tone was rough. The speech was broad. 'Cheap and nasty', says Miss Colburn Mayne. But I prefer Professor Blaikie's eye-witness verdict: 'At bottom there was a genuine kindness and humanity'. After a year Byron was word-perfect in the first lesson: 'God made man: let us love Him'. But when he turned over the page and was asked to read: 'God made Satan, and Satan made sin' he fell dumb. So he was removed from Bodsby Bower and sent to learn Roman history from James Ross and Latin grammar from Joseph Paterson, the son of the shoemaker who made his boots. Bower, Ross, and Paterson all became Presbyterian ministers. Byron also had Bible stories read to him by his mother's maids. It has been inferred from this that his childhood was bedevilled by Calvinism. He said himself that he was 'bred a moderate Presbyterian'—but in fact his mother was Episcopalian and with her he attended St. Paul's Episcopal Church, where he would hear no grisly doctrines of predestinated damnation. It is unnecessary to blame Aberdeen or its inhabitants for the temperament which Byron inherited through his genes. He was subject, as was his daughter Ada, to 'silent rages' attributed to 'determination of blood to the brain'.

At seven years old, and that was really too early, Byron was sent to Aberdeen Grammar School in Schoolhill—a very different institution from the school of today in Carden Place. It was a low, single-storey building, where the business of the five classes was 'Latin, Latin, Latin . . . five hours every day, save in the



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**The Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer,
speaking at the Mansion House, October 5th, 1961**

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THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

This is Broadsheet No. 25 from the City of Steel

single vacation month of July'. To augment this limited curriculum he also attended a school for writing and arithmetic. He won no prizes. His age told against him here, for he was much younger than the average, but still he 'threaded all the classes to the fourth'.

At eight young Geordie was already 'the bondsman of love'. In her house on the Plainstones, now the Castlegate of Aberdeen, he played at courting with Mary Duff, the daughter of his godfather. 'We were', he wrote many years later, 'the merest children. . . . I have been attached fifty times since . . . yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she did at last to quiet me. Hearing of her marriage years after was like a thunderstroke. . . .' Thus he remembered the first, and perhaps the only pure, love of a life that was, as one wit said, 'unco wastefu' o' Marys'. The second Mary was Mary Robertson of the golden ringlets, the farmer's

daughter of Ballaterach, near Dinnet, where he was sent to recover from a bout of scarlet fever. That Deeside countryside became a symbol to him, so that he could write two years before his death:

The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy.

In May 1798 the 'Wicked Lord Byron' died. He had outlived his son and his grandson. His brother and his nephew were dead. So it was his grand-nephew who became the sixth Baron Byron of Rochdale. While Mrs. Byron was preparing to leave for England that summer Byron was sent to holiday at Honeybrae Farm, in the South Stocket of Aberdeen. Honeybrae is no more. Its suburban acres are covered with villas. But some of its stones have been preserved. More important, the finest of all memorial statues to Byron stands outside the grammar school. Doubtless it would not be there today if Byron had not left the 'depressing northern town' and lived out the spectacular 'pageant of the bleeding heart' that was the backdrop to his poetry.

—From a talk in the Scottish Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Common Market

Sir,—The fact that Mr. Day's talk on the Common Market (THE LISTENER, October 19) reveals a difference of opinion between us should not be allowed to obscure our agreement on a common frame of reference. We have both shunned as irrelevant to the issue figures of aggregate trade, man-power, steel output, and gross national product of the Six. The prospect of cheaper imports from the Six and of increased exports to them is deemed by both of us to be inclusive except in a wider context.

Indeed, the distance that separates us does not appear to me to be very great. I interpret the flimsy evidence as being insufficient to warrant a belief in the oft-alleged substantial economic gains. Mr. Day adds a mite to the evidence, overlooks some shreds provided by me, and tries to make the Common Market pie look a little more appetising—which judgment brings me to Day's stricture on the controversial title of my talk, so much at variance with my negative findings. I agree with this criticism. It would have been far more appropriate to have labelled it (for instance) 'Realism and Relevance. . . .'

I also agree with Day that the treatment of the alleged gains from increased specialization did not deserve the prominence I gave it. It seemed to me a good idea at the time simply (1) because so many fallacies were involved in this view, and (2) because only on this aspect were any quantitative estimates at all worked out. True, I inadvertently ignored what Day calls 'pseudo' tariffs and, as amends for my negligence, I am willing to double my highest estimate—to a gain equivalent to 2 per cent., instead of a mere 1 per cent., of the G.N.P. of the Six plus Britain. I must, however, remind him that the method used in these estimates rests on inconsistent assumptions that inevitably result in an incalculable overestimate of gain. Only if the figure were very large, say not less than 20 per cent. of G.N.P., could they be accepted as a presumption of gain—and, then, on the obviously objectionable premiss that market price and social value are identical for all goods affected.

As for business men's opinions that large economies of scale would accompany an expansion of their operations, it is a welcome relief to be able to concur with their views in this instance. In fact, for the last thirty years at least, economists have pointed out that the all-too-frequent response of British industry—and not only British industry—to the threat of competition as the market grew has taken the form of differentiating the product and engaging in more intensive advertising. We already produce too many types of cars, too many types of refrigerators, radios, furniture, etc., to avail ourselves of the advantages of mass production. It is this typical response and not the limited size of a British market with a G.N.P. of some £25 billion that is responsible for relatively high costs of production in many lines. What this country can do in the mass production of standardized goods was in fact amply illustrated during the last war, in items as diverse

as soft drinks, clothing, tanks, and aeroplanes. If we thought it important enough surely we could do it again.

On the question of the influence of customs unions on growth, which is really the important question, I find Mr. Day's enthusiastic assertions unconvincing. What little evidence there is does not, on the face of things, bear him out. (1) In the United States the ruthless materialism of the Northern states never quite percolated into the South despite the absence of any commercial barriers. No less awkward for Mr. Day's case are instances in France, Britain, and other countries, of rapid advance in some areas and relative stagnation in others. (2) If the size of the market has any positive connexion with the rate of growth, that size surely falls well below that of the Common Market. Else how should we explain the high standard of living and rapid growth of small countries as diverse as New Zealand, Australia, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Canada? (3) As to the very pertinent question of whether joining a customs union did or did not give a fillip to the economic growth of the Six, the answer is so far in the negative. As M. Lamfalussy of Belgium has admitted in a recent article in *Lloyds Bank Review*, none of the key indices reveal any noticeable improvement. In particular the economic growth of the Six has been no faster since the Union in 1958 than it was during the preceding five years.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

E. J. MISHAN

Sir,—Mr. Alan Day in his recent broadcast on the economic case for Britain joining the Common Market argues forcefully against Dr. Mishan the benefits accruing from specialization, economies of scale, competitive stimulation, and growth in a large tariff-free market. I accept that Mr. Day has established all these points, but their establishment does not necessarily imply that we should join the Common Market. This conclusion would only follow if there were no alternative way of obtaining a large tariff-free market for industrial goods and if losses of trade in other markets arising from entry into the Common Market were demonstrably less than the gains from trade in the Common Market. These remain as largely unspoken assumptions in Mr. Day's argument.

Mr. Day gives scant attention to the losses of trade that might be expected to follow in non-Commonwealth as well as in Commonwealth markets from our entry into the highly protectionist Common Market. These seem likely to be especially serious because of the evident failure of the Rome Treaty to provide the means for encouraging industrialization in under-developed lands, not only by economic aid, but by opening markets in more advanced countries to their products. The fear among the Six of admitting Commonwealth manufacturers only underlines this.

Mr. Day gives even less attention to the possibility of expanding tariff-free trade with the Commonwealth. This would not be possible in all products with all countries. Under-developed



PENELOPE'S ODYSSEY—III

by Podalirius

What, apart from exercise, does science recommend to the obese—to plump Penelope? First and ineluctably, a diet providing at the most 1,500 Calories a day, or about half a good average intake. It doesn't much matter what kind of diet so long as it is balanced and contains a minimum of sugary foods. And, provided the calories are right, diets out of the larder are as good qua diets as those out of a tin or packet; qua symbols they may not be. The recent vogue has been for a high fat diet. In fact, when people are told to cut their carbohydrates but to eat as much fat as they like, they eat rather less fat than usual. Curious, but true. Do carbohydrates then stimulate the appetite?—They well may, and a sugar lump may soon be the fashionable aperitif. Certainly it would provide Penelope with fewer calories than a cocktail, which, like all alcohol, both forms fat in the body and relaxes the vigilance of the would-be reducer's mind.

What else? There are substances recommended for reducing, that swell inside the body, and might thus deceive a few stomachs into thinking a good meal had been had. Alas! Penelope's stomach is usually as cunning as Penelope. Certain drugs reduce appetite, but have their drawbacks, and are no substitute for will power. And yet will power is not really the answer. Penelope can't pull her socks up if her hands can't reach them.

The plain fact is that the most important single factor in obesity and in reducing is one's mental attitude. Some people overeat because they are anxious or unloved and others because they feel small and want to feel big. Take away Penelope's prop, and she may find another, more harmful. A safe prop when reducing is one's doctor—who anyway should supervise any severe or prolonged dieting. Or a friend, someone who will listen and will try to understand.

Because of this truly psychosomatic element it is very easy to lose a few quick pounds on almost any regimen (plus a diet) so long as one has Faith: carrots, doctors, homes, rollers, tablets—they are all effective for a time. But for the same reason it is very difficult to maintain a weight loss for months and years. The recidivist obese are legion. So our plump Penelope is probably right, after all, to cling to whatever helps her face up to the problems of reducing, no matter how irrational the aid. The last word is not with science, at whose glittering edifice Penelope likes to throw stones. And even if y^2 does equal $4x$, scientists should remember that a stone, propelled by a mere female hand and knowing no geometry, can yet describe a perfect figure.

* * *

Good for Penny! Still, simpler than the one for a parabola is that other equation: calorie intake less calorie output equals fat. Diet is still a must: a balanced diet, including Bemax, which is stabilized wheat germ, the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. It provides in ample quantities those valuable nutrients so essential to good health, so often lacking in the modern diet. Sprinkle a little Bemax on your food every day. From all chemists and stores.

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This weekend in THE SUNDAY TIMES

DOES PORNOGRAPHY MATTER?

Experts give their views

With arguments over the Lady Chatterley affair still going on, six specialists have contributed their opinions to "Does Pornography Matter?", a new study of a controversial question. They include LORD BIRKETT, religious leaders, a psycho-analyst, a sociologist and C. H. ROLPH, who edits the volume. Their conclusions as to what distinguishes the literary masterpiece from the obscene are examined this weekend by RAYMOND MORTIMER.

Chamberlain's own view of Hitler

IAIN MACLEOD on the *Real* 'Man of Munich'

"Appeasement" became a dirty word among the more savage critics of Neville Chamberlain. His visits to Hitler in 1938, they said, humiliated Britain and detracted from the dignity of a British Prime Minister. But was Chamberlain such an innocent dupe of Hitler? Or was there behind his seemingly ingenuous cries of "try, try again" and "peace in our time" a shrewd awareness of his true position? . . . Chamberlain's personal letters and diaries might suggest that this is an aspect of his character that history and his judges have overlooked. In THE SUNDAY TIMES this weekend IAIN MACLEOD—new leader of the House—quotes from Chamberlain's private papers and examines the nature of the man who wrote them.

Through hardships to the COMET

SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND'S OWN STORY

Half a century separates a flimsy, home-made "flying-machine" struggling to get off the ground and the sleek Comet jets of today. But both are part of the life of one man who has been called "The Father of British Aviation"—SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND.

It has been said that Geoffrey de Havilland has given everything to British aviation except his life (and he has risked that often enough). In THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday he tells in his own words the story of how from rickety and audacious origins grew a tradition of inspired aeronautical design and leadership.

A WOMAN WITH HER PAST

HAROLD HOBSON renews acquaintanceship with a lady he met in France some time ago—"La Bonne Soupe", heroine of the play of the same name which opened in London this week after a two-year run in Paris. It concerns a middle-aged demi-mondaine who—by means of some clever stagecraft—appears in many scenes accompanied by her younger self.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

countries will have to protect infant industries, but would agree to end tariffs on a wider range of capital equipment. Australia and Canada, moreover, in the light of their Accra statements, should be asked to lower tariffs on nearly all products. This would not take us very far, but there is also another group of our trading partners which Mr. Day does not mention at all, that is E.F.T.A. (European Free Trade Association). The market of the E.F.T.A. countries consists of 125,000,000 people with the national incomes aggregating to \$110 billions, to be compared with the 175,000,000 with \$150 billions in the Common Market.

Together with Canada and Australia, the E.F.T.A. market fulfils just as well as the Common Market the necessary conditions for growth through specialization, economies of scale, etc., if tariffs were progressively lowered inside a Customs Union. E.F.T.A., moreover, has a special advantage over the Common Market, in that the establishment of a common tariff wall or band of tariffs around this market would enable us to bargain through GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) for cuts in the Common Market external tariff wall. And this is the element in the Market which those who want to see a general expansion in the trade of the whole world find most objectionable. For such an expansion, and not merely the growth of trade in Europe's West End, is essential for our future as a trading nation.

Yours, etc.,

Sheffield, 10

MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN

The Wise City of Chester

Sir,—It is a pity that Mr. Nairn's understandable enthusiasm for Chester (THE LISTENER, October 19) is not shared by its inhabitants and the city authorities. The new inner ring road, now started, will, unlike the nineteenth-century timber buildings, vitally alter the Chester pattern and will allow traffic to dominate Chester. Mr. Nairn's casual mention of this road, 'leaping the canal and breaching the wall' hardly suggests that it is to be carved through the city regardless of scale and of the excellent buildings it will destroy.

To list the buildings that will disappear would, I fear, take up too much of your space, but the destruction of the west end of a fine Georgian terrace in King Street and of Egerton House—the finest Georgian house in Chester—is particularly regrettable. Egerton House is to make way for a roundabout, and a similar fate awaits the pleasant burial ground with its lime trees opposite the castle, where Thomas Harrison is buried. No doubt the roundabout will bear compensatory Japanese cherry trees.

The scale of the new road is quite out of keeping with the existing Chester, medieval in scale if not in many of its buildings. To cut Watergate Street in half, to separate Bridge Street from Lower Bridge Street by a wide new road carrying heavy traffic and to breach the city wall yet again can only be the action of people devoid of sensibility, historical understanding and, indeed, any regard for their city.

Before the war an outer ring road was started, but only half completed. The completion of this road would be a far better solution of Chester's traffic problem than an inner ring road undertaken in a panic. It is disappointing that in an otherwise excellent article Mr. Nairn thought fit to ignore a scheme which will take from Chester so much of the character he admires and spoil one of the few pleasant cities in England.—Yours, etc.,

Maidstone

D. B. KELLY

Athenian Demagogues

Sir,—I congratulate Mr. Finley on his article on Athenian demagogues (THE LISTENER, October 12) in every point but one. He remarks upon David Hume's observation about ancient democracy and says that the democracy employed in Athens was the nearest to being an exception to Mr. Hume's statement. I entirely agree with this, but can we, in all fairness, attribute the lack of strife in Athens to good democracy? For, after all, her democracy never worked smoothly except under the rule of brilliant men like Pericles. Thus I feel that Mr. Finley should attribute the Athenians' freedom from 'stasis' rather to their high degree of civilization and intellectual culture than to their admirable, yet fallible, democracy.—Yours, etc.,

Ampleforth

CHRISTOPHER BIRD

Documentary Television Programmes

Sir,—Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall, commenting on documentary television broadcasting in THE LISTENER of October 19, asks: 'Cannot the B.B.C. substantially underwrite the cost of worth-while expeditions in return for world television rights?'

What constitutes a worth-while expedition must be a subjective judgment, but I am surprised that he should not have remembered the B.B.C.'s substantial sponsorship of the trans-Antarctic expedition led by Fuchs and Hillary; seven 'Zoo Quest' expeditions to the ends of the earth by David Attenborough, all but two entirely financed by the B.B.C., which provided unique specimens for the London Zoo in addition to outstanding television programmes; two 'Far Away Look' expeditions by Peter Scott, one to the Galapagos Islands and the other to Australasia and Hawaii, entirely financed by the B.B.C.; the fascinating expedition of Hans and Lotte Hass sailing 'Xarifa' to the Indian Ocean, partly financed by German universities but largely by the B.B.C.; the Oxford and Cambridge expedition to South America; and a host of others which have been underwritten to provide material for B.B.C. television programmes before the start of 'Adventure'. At any moment of time there are six expeditions in remote parts of the world whose journeys are being recorded on film supplied by the B.B.C.

It is a pity that Mr. Calder-Marshall did not make a quick check with the Travel and Exploration Unit of the Television Service in London, or the Natural History Unit in Bristol. He could easily have been provided with details of what has already been 'substantially underwritten' in return for world television rights.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.12

LEONARD MIALL

Assistant Controller, Current Affairs
and Talks, B.B.C. Television

A Flight of Girls from School

Sir,—As a working-class mother with three children over the eleven-plus hurdle, I am able to answer some of Mrs. Holloway's questions. Finance is still the main reason for our girls leaving at 'O' level. Not all of us enjoy boom wages. We do not need persuading that our girls at school 'do a worth-while job of work', but the weekly wage packet is sadly lacking, and butchers and bakers—the anti-social creatures—demand payment now. Even so, some of our girls do stay, and to our simple minds the fact that they reach a certain standard should guarantee them a place at a university, without all this helter-skelter up and down the country that goes on. Sometimes expenses are paid by the local education committee, and sometimes not; and some girls go to five interviews.

'Next door' comes in with 'I told you so' sympathies. A mental note is made, and 'next door's' young hopeful comes out of school at 'O' level and is sure to receive a pay rise the very day you are informed that as X has an eighteenth birthday, she now ceases to count for family allowance—even though she is still at school. 'Next door' is convinced we are mad. Then there is the reluctance of seeing one of 'Us' becoming one of 'Them'.

If our girls are really wanted in the universities, it must be made more apparent. Otherwise 'Us' parents who have taken a plunge into the unknown will only stand as a 'lesson' to others so minded. Some benevolence is needed to take the place of the £6-odd offered (per week) by banks and post offices, etc., to sixteen-year-old 'O' levellers.—Yours, etc.,

Truro

MARGUERITE CLUER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Conkers

Sir,—If I may comment on Mr. Harry Soan's talk printed in THE LISTENER, October 12, I should like to inform him that the game of conkers is quite a regular pastime in this school and indeed in the town and district. I should also like to inform him that one of my friends has a 1,242, which means that he has destroyed conkers adding up to that amount. I am afraid Mr. Soan's treatments to harden your conkers do not produce such good results as by simply keeping last year's.—Yours, etc.,

Bishop's Stortford

PETER GRATER
(aged 12)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

October 18-24

Wednesday, October 18

Burnham Committee agrees to accept the pay award to teachers of £42,000,000 offered by the Government

More than 11,000 Algerians are arrested after demonstrations in Paris

Thursday, October 19

Cunard Company announces that it is postponing indefinitely plans for building a liner to replace the 'Queen Mary'

Mr. Duncan Sandys tells the Commons that plans for the Queen's visit to Ghana will not be altered unless there is 'some significant change' in the situation

Mr. Chou En-lai, in an address to Soviet Communist Party Congress, criticizes Mr. Khrushchev for his public condemnation of Albania for Stalinism

In South Africa's General Election, Dr. Verwoerd's Nationalist Party wins a clear victory

Friday, October 20

Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas, Labour M.P. for Lincoln, is appointed High Commissioner in Ghana

New prescription rates for chemists announced by Minister of Health will reduce their net profits by £1,500,000 a year

Saturday, October 21

Speakers at the Soviet Party Congress in Moscow call for expulsion of members of the 'anti-party' group including Mr. Molotov, ex-President Voroshilov, and two former Prime Ministers

America's action in putting a band of copper needles into space for reflecting radio signals brings protests from many British astronomers

Sunday, October 22

The Free Democrat Party Congress in Bonn approves agreement to form a coalition with Dr. Adenauer's Christian Democrat Party

About 60,000 Flemish-speaking Belgians demonstrate in Brussels for equal rights for their community

Monday, October 23

Nobel Peace Prize for 1960 is awarded to Chief Albert Luthuli, former President of South Africa's banned African National Congress; the prize for 1961 is awarded posthumously to Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld

East Germans impose further restrictions on Western Powers' right of entry to East Berlin

Tuesday, October 24

The Minister of Defence tells the Commons that the Government has plans for an alternative supply of milk for babies if fresh milk becomes contaminated from the fall-out from Russian nuclear tests

Lord Fisher of Lambeth says the Church of Rome has become an ally instead of an enemy



School-teachers demonstrating outside the headquarters of the National Union of Teachers in London last week in protest against the acceptance by the union of the Government's pay award of £42,000,000. On October 23 some teachers went on strike unofficially and a number of schools had to be closed

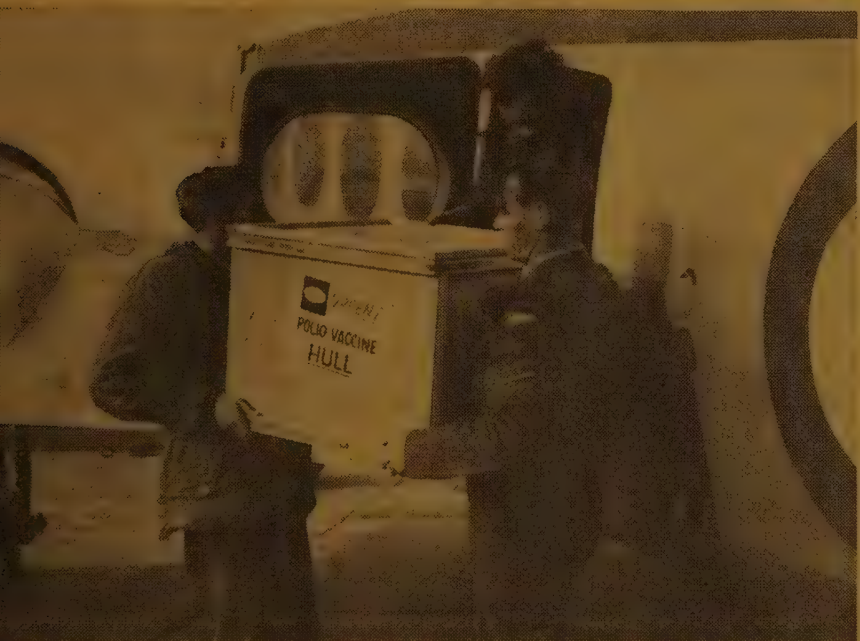


Applause for Mr. Khrushchev during his speech to the twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in Moscow last week, when he announced Russia's intention of testing a 50-megaton nuclear bomb. On October 23 Russia carried out her biggest nuclear test so far; first reports estimated its probable strength as about 30 megatons



A fifty-foot high protective dome for radar equipment which has just been completed at Freckleton, Lancashire. Made of reinforced plastic, it is designed to withstand winds of hurricane force and temperatures well below zero

Right: toy spacemen awaiting export in a factory in Tokyo



Polio vaccine being loaded on to an aircraft at Manston, Kent, last week, to be flown to Hull to deal with an outbreak of poliomyelitis in the city. By last week-end, more than 300,000 people had been immunized



Demonstrators, protesting at the Russian announcement about testing the 50-megaton bomb, sitting down in Bayswater Road, London, on October 21 after police had refused to allow them to carry out a one-hour vigil outside the Soviet Embassy. About 500 people were later arrested. The big Russian nuclear test of October 23 has brought protests from all over the world



The Queen arriving at Guildhall on October 19 to attend a reception given by the Corporation of London to members of the Magistrates' Association. The occasion was the 600th anniversary of the statute of King Edward III by which Justices of the Peace were first appointed. On the right is Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, Lord Mayor of London

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Th. M. DUYVENE de WIT-KLINKHAMER

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52/6

FABER

Autumn Books—II

Horace Walpole's Century

Horace Walpole. By W. S. Lewis. Hart-Davis. £3 3s.

Horace Walpole's Correspondence. Vols. 30-31. Edited by W. S. Lewis. Oxford. £6 each.

Connoisseurs and Secret Agents. By Lesley Lewis. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Reviewed by J. H. PLUMB

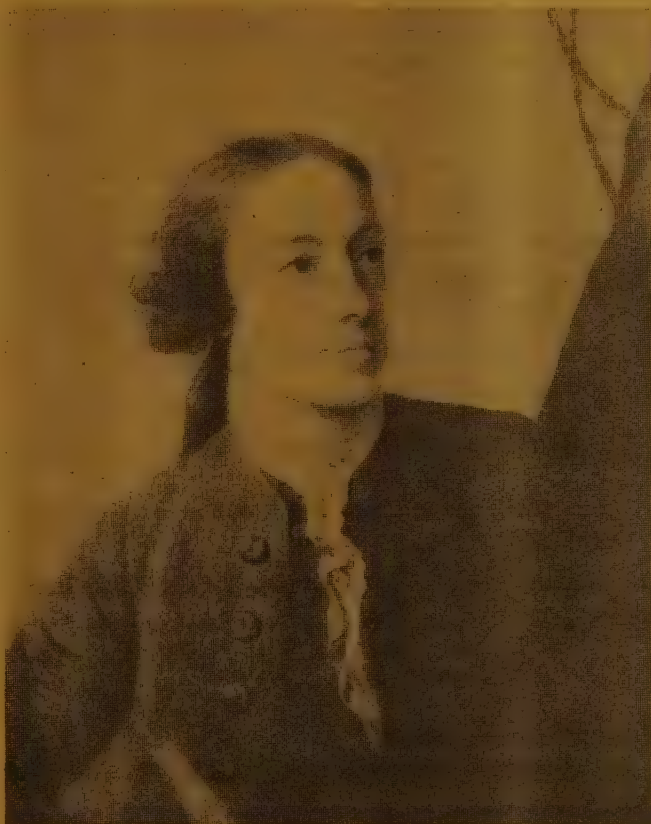
HORACE WALPOLE was famous alive and he intended to be famous dead. Few men have courted posterity with such conscious skill, but the immortality that he has finally achieved must breed an acute sense of humility in Horace's ghost. More is known about the detail of his daily life than of any man's who has ever lived. After his death his correspondence, so carefully designed for future generations, was broken up and scattered over the face of the globe: his library, of which he was so proud, dispersed: his antiquities, prints, china and furniture sold. True, by 1850 Walpole had made his mark; his journals and some of his letters had been printed to be used as a leading source for eighteenth-century political and social life. Steadily interest grew, and Mrs. Paget Toynbee produced a collected edition of his letters early in this century. It seemed as if Walpole had won through, triumphed over the dispersal, the casual destructions and the corrosions of time.

But, in fact, his resurrection had only just begun. In the nineteen-twenties W. S. Lewis and his late wife became attracted to Walpole, first as collectors, but, as their collection grew, it transformed them into scholars. They dedicated their time and fortune to the pursuit of Walpole. His correspondence was bought or photographed but always remorselessly hunted: his books, too, were run to earth and his library largely re-assembled: even some of his furnishings and pictures were tracked down. And Strawberry Hill was, in a sense, reborn in Farmington, Connecticut. Yet the Lewises were no ordinary collectors. They printed what they found. The great Yale edition of Walpole's correspondence, of which volumes 30 and 31 have just been published, is a triumph not only of scholarship but also of speed. The volumes rattle from the press. To collect the material, to engage in and supervise one of the largest scholarly enterprises in America, might be regarded as sufficient for one man, but not for Mr. Lewis. As well as being a collector and a scholar, Mr. Lewis now demonstrates that he is a creative writer of distinction.

This study of Horace Walpole is based on a knowledge that no one else possesses. It is written with warmth, one might say, with affection, and naturally enough Horace is usually given the benefit of any doubts. On the nature and purpose of his letters, on his buildings, his collections, his friendships and his family Mr. Lewis carries emphatic conviction in prose which is so delightful, so at ease with itself, that Horace himself might envy it. On Walpole's politics, however, Mr. Lewis is somewhat evasive, for here Walpole was at his most serpentine, malicious, sly, and even, at times, dishonest. Also the truth itself is still in question. Until

Walpole's *Journals* have received the same careful editing as the correspondence there can be no final judgment. Nevertheless the portrait of Walpole that Mr. Lewis gives us is elegant and sympathetic, and it is greatly helped by the beautiful illustrations which provide a brilliant setting for the book itself. For once one can say that at three guineas the book is dirt cheap.

Walpole is less of a hero for most of us than for Mr. Lewis, naturally enough. And for me, at least, Mr. Lewis brushes aside both in his preface to the new volumes of the correspondence (which contain the highly amorous letters to Lord Lincoln) and in his book, the question that must be faced of the intensity of Walpole's homosexuality. That his affections for other men—Gray, Lincoln, Conway—were warmer than was usual even in the more freely expressive society of eighteenth-century England seems to me impossible to deny. And the question is not an idle one, for it would help not only to explain many of Walpole's quarrels but also some of his hatreds, jealousies, and failures in the tough masculine world of politics. Whatever were the secret springs of Walpole's nature they certainly kept him working from youth to old age. And whatever else he may have been, he was a writer born. No matter how trivial the letter, Walpole is always compulsively readable. He enhanced all that he touched and by his creative



Horace Walpole, by Allan Ramsay, 1758

From 'Horace Walpole'

genius he gave significance to his life and made it a part of his age. So, however dark and difficult his inner nature may have been, we should be grateful for it, and grateful, too, that, through Mr. Lewis, he has found the posterity that he sought.

Indeed the value of Mr. Lewis's work for eighteenth-century scholars can be seen in Mrs. Lesley Lewis's book on Cardinal Albani who worked as the Hanoverian secret agent in Rome and whose chief channel was Horace Mann, the British representative in Florence, with whom Horace Walpole had one of his longest correspondences. Without the Yale edition of this correspondence, Mrs. Lewis's task would have been far more arduous. Albani, urbane, sophisticated, highly cultured (he befriended Winckelmann amongst others) is another complex, fascinating character. Although his influence on politics was insignificant, on taste it was profound, and to this aspect of his life Mrs. Lewis might have given greater space. And there are other sources which Mrs. Lewis might have tapped with advantage, particularly the large collection of papers of the third Earl Cowper, who lived at Florence throughout the middle decades of the eighteenth century. Even so, hers is a stimulating and lively book and may provoke others to explore the rich field of eighteenth-century Anglo-Italian relations. It is ripe for a masterpiece.

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The Way Back

Letters to a Friend, 1950-1952. By Rose Macaulay.

Edited by Constance Babington Smith. Collins. 25s.

LIVELINESS, INDEPENDENCE, WIT, learning, largeness and liberality of mind—these are some of the qualities for which Rose Macaulay is remembered. Her individuality was so strong that it verged on eccentricity, and certainly some of her habits were unusual. She had a passion for swimming, even in her seventies, even in the Serpentine, and still liked, 'in lonely and unobserved country, climbing up trees and sitting there'. But she was too completely sane to be called an eccentric, and had too great a devotion to clarity of thought and the exact use of words. Of one of her uncles, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, it is said that he was 'renowned for the astringent precision of his remarks'. Her own precision, though scholarly, was not pedantic; it showed her honesty. 'If prose decays', E. M. Forster once wrote, 'thought decays and all the finer roads of communication are broken'. There is no decayed prose, there are no broken roads, in Rose Macaulay's letters; all is clear, free, and open.

Briefly, this is a volume of letters addressed by her, in old age, to an Anglican priest in America with whom she had long before been acquainted and who turned out to be a distant cousin. Besides blood they had in common a background of scholarly divines, and both were deeply imbued with the Anglican tradition and with devotion to it. Reversion in old age to one's earliest memories and beliefs is nothing unusual, but this was a special case. A letter from Boston, from Father Johnson of the Cowley Fathers, about one of her books, came to her in 1950, at a time of spiritual drought. Her response to it suggests that if clergymen were not so busy, and perhaps apprehensive of being argued with or snubbed, and perhaps more imaginative, they might take a little more initiative among intellectuals. The effect of Father Johnson's letter was to rescue her, in what she called 'a world perishing from lack of goodness', from 'the misuse of life, the missing of its meaning', from a sense of guilt, from the inevitable loneliness of the old (however many their friends) and the sense of physical decline (however gradual), and to restore her to the Church in which she had been brought up.

For the Church of England she had never lost an affection and loyalty 'in the blood and bones, at deeper levels than brain or will', but for years, while in love with a married man, she had ceased to practise her religion. Her letters show how, when restored to the Church by Father Johnson's initiative, her spirituality was fortified by both brain and will. Never a bigot, she thought it odd of unbelievers to go over to Rome. Her view was that the Church of England was the better of the two:

more truthful, nearer the Gospels, more Christian, more reasonable, more open to the progressive leading of the Holy Spirit.

She thought that Roman Catholics were mistaken 'to consider that being static is a merit not a defect'; and that the Church ought not to be 'a rock that can't be moved' but 'a rock that progressively *does* move, on and upwards towards God'. She was ready to believe in 'all kinds of new facets of truth'. Her tolerance told her that

people are so constituted, by nature and upbringing, that they must want to worship in different ways, as they want to read different books and hear different music.

Nothing could have been more catholic, less provincial, than her Anglo-Catholicism; she would have liked to revise the lectionary to include Philo, the Neo-Platonists, Jakob Boehme, and 'a lot of wisdom from the east'; and would rather, she said, commemorate at Mass the births of Cicero and Erasmus 'than some of these rather obscure, not to say potty, minor saints'.

While the religious interest in these letters is predominant, they have other strong claims to attention. They are spontaneous and natural; they seem an exact expression of her well-remembered and much liked personality; and, as the blurb says, 'she writes of places and people, of books (including her own) and their authors, of ruins and bathing, of bicycling and genealogy, of pronunciation and liturgy'. She had survived illness, bereave-

ments, the loss of her most cherished possessions by bombing, and her marvellous energy persisted. Her love of travel, of history, of literature and of persons coursed through her old veins and courses through these pages.

It remains to be said that she is fortunate in her editor and that she was fortunate in her correspondent: she told Father Johnson that his letters to her, which must have been frequent and copious, had 'range, depth, breadth, humour, wisdom, interest, sympathy, even (I like to think) affection'. They have not been preserved, but without their stimulus this volume could not have come into being. It is to be followed by a second. They will constitute a shining finial to her half-century of work as a writer and will help to guide others in 'a world perishing from lack of goodness'.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Disenchantment

Unconditional Surrender. By Evelyn Waugh.

Chapman and Hall. 18s.

THE LAST VOLUME of Mr. Waugh's trilogy of army life takes Guy Crouchback to Yugoslavia as a liaison officer between the Allies and the communist partisans. Because of his efforts to rehabilitate a local band of Jewish refugees, one couple are executed. Guy's disillusionment is complete. One might have thought, too, that for him to re-marry Virginia in order to legitimize Trimmer's bastard, and then for Virginia to be killed by a doodle-bug was a blow which could hardly be softened. Right at the end, however, Mr. Waugh marries him to Domenica Plessington, a failed novice last glimpsed as a land-girl who had grown attached to the baby, but this union is too rapidly sketched for our feelings to be anything but ambivalent.

It is a rehabilitation into civilian life as patently false as was his Apthorpean moustache and monocle into army life. But Apthorpe was a mild, even a lovable fraud in comparison with the hairdresser tricked out as a publicity-stunt hero. When Guy killed Apthorpe by smuggling whisky into his hospital bed, he was laying a far more genial ghost than the baby Trimmer, who turns out to be a very significant cuckoo. Trimmer, like the intellectual Ludovic, risen on cool pretension from the ranks, is a typical product of a war which Guy to his disappointment has found not to be fought by 'officers and gentlemen' at all, but by the cynical, the comic, and above all the spurious. All those to whom Guy is most attracted are those who most deceive him: Apthorpe, Ivor Clare, Ritchie-Hook. Their behaviour is divorced from their honour. More and more, Guy finds himself side by side with the amiable and the ineffective, like 'Jumbo' Trotter. Private madness, in Mr. Waugh's comic vision, has gained ascendancy over the public cause.

It is perhaps significant that the war itself at the most unlikely moments seems quite remote. One thinks of the rare occasions on which contact with the enemy is actually made: Guy, lost, face to face with a German motor-cyclist in a wood (who then hurriedly turns and rides away), or the gory head of a sentry that Ritchie-Hook has taken as a trophy. This kind of absurdity has the effect of making even purely military action take place in a comic vacuum. One thinks most of all of some sort of impossibly talented Ealing film script. But then, more widespread and insistent than the merely farcical, we have Mr. Waugh's gift for wringing a great deal of truth out of the most casual comic situation or remark (Uncle Peregrine's loneliness, for example, or Ludovic's love of words as a means to power). Here, and in such matters as the tendency to tea-table disasters, we can see the real nature of Mr. Waugh's immense talents. He does not so much see that life is funny, as that comedy is serious, and to follow this principle largely without real satire, is the sign of a true comic genius.

The Ludovic episodes, for example: Mr. Waugh has been at pains to explain his mysterious origins (though still does not enlighten us about the Cretan incidents) and has consequently found Ludovic coming to larger life, and has let him have his rein. The portrait is definitely not approving, but it is not satirical. We can see satire perhaps in Ludovic's left-wing editor

('Lately in the decline of social order he had met on friendly terms some of these figures of oppression and frivolity—old Ruby, for instance, at the Dorchester—and many years later, when he came to write his memoirs, he gave the impression that he had frequented their houses in their heyday') and in the recognition of one of Mr. Waugh's *bêtes noires* lies the failure of such a character. Ludovic's madness is perhaps the best madness of them all—the better for lacking any negative or cutting edge. He is quite solid and sinister.

Guy imagined he was fighting for a public cause, called out of his solitude like a crusader. When Mrs. Stitch dropped the identity disc of the unknown soldier into the wastepaper basket, thinking it was information against Clare, the irony was at its climax, the point of the work at its most overt: out of the retreat from Crete nothing of honour survived, only the opportunism of Ludovic, the desertion of Clare, the cowardice of 'Fido' Hound. In the last volume Guy's father dies, Ritchie-Hook is killed during a ridiculous staged battle in Yugoslavia, and in tone as well as incident the work moves to its close. The progress from St. Roger of Waybroke to Trimmer's bastard might have been tragic but for the high comedy, of course, and but for the marriage solution at the end (a traditional one for comedy):

'Yes', said Box-Bender, not without a small, clear note of resentment, 'things have turned out very conveniently for Guy'.

We are reminded that Guy is a stoical not a sensitive hero. We feel that it was perhaps hardly possible for him to find himself in such confusion, and the fact that we have seen the confusion as a comic one serves to enrich his melancholy.

JOHN FULLER

Out of Africa

The Heart of the Hunter. By Laurens van der Post. Hogarth Press. 21s.

African Genesis. By Robert Ardrey. Collins. 36s.

ALL COLONEL VAN DER POST'S journeys are doubles: into some geographical region, and into his own *psyche*. The mountain with its treacherous forests, the desert with its lonely wastes, are images of the trials and dangers which beset the pilgrim soul. The poet, the prophet, and the priest meet in his complex character; in addition, he is an Afrikaner as conscious of his origins as he is outraged by his people's actions, and an ardent convert to Jungian psychology.

He left his readers in *The Lost World of the Kalahari* at the Sip Wells, witnessing a Bushman dance over a dead eland. Now he conducts them out of the desert, succouring *en route* a pathetic band of starving Bushmen, down to Cape Town and a homebound liner. On the voyage he ponders and interprets Bushman folk lore, some collected by himself, some by a family called Bleek. These interpretations form the second half of his book.

In bare outline, his theme is that the Bushmen, survivors of what he calls the First Men, have retained powers of direct communication with the life-force; they alone have not quite lost (as Belloc put it) 'the secrets of the rocks, and the oldest kind of



'Bushman women playing musical rounders with a Xamma melon'. From the new illustrated edition of Laurens van der Post's *Lost World of the Kalahari* published today by the Hogarth Press at 25s.

song'. Not only can they see, hear, and sense things hidden to modern man, but in their legends they enshrine truths about creation and the meaning of life lost to the civilized. Civilization, by stifling this instinctual life, has come near, and grows daily nearer, to killing some vital element in human nature without which man himself, and his whole society, will sicken and die. 'There is a Bushman in each of us', he writes, 'a cruelly denied and neglected first child of life'.

The Bushmen's legends are sheer poetry: their imaginative power is tremendous, their humour and compassion deeply moving. They speak in symbolism: honey means wisdom; a spear willpower; water the chaos from which life emerged and the promise of rebirth; birds represent intuitive vision; baboons, oddly enough, unbalanced intellect. ('People who sit on their hands'.) All this fascinates, even if, now and then, a little doubt seeps in as to how much of it really is Bushman, and how much their generous, introspective and at times perhaps starry-eyed interpreter. How do we know that a cock represents logic crowing on a dunghill? And when a donkey brays, is it really issuing 'a shattering plea for compassion'?

Colonel van der Post makes a particularly personal impact on his

readers, and *The Heart of the Hunter* seems to me the most personal, moving, and profound book he has written so far. I know of no other writer who can paint the African scene *in depth* so richly as he; not merely what things look like, but their essence under the skin. Here he makes us partners in a deeply felt experience; this is vintage van der Post.

Reverse the coin of primitive man, and you find a very different image—not the seer but the savage. This is the image seen by Mr. Robert Ardrey, the dramatist of *Thunder Rock* and *Shadow of Heroes*. 'The Bushman in each of us', far from being a gentle poet making up stories about the stars, is a ruthless predator born with an ineradicable urge to kill, and raised above the brutes mainly by his ingenuity in making lethal weapons.

Mr. Ardrey spent six years, he tells us, collecting his material, and much of it is fascinating—the way birds stake out and defend territory, for instance, the social instincts of apes and monkeys, and the recent discoveries in east and southern Africa of various kinds of ape-man or man-ape—missing links, they used to be called—possibly our ancestors or possibly extinct branches of the primates, grouped under the clumsy name *australopithecines*. All this has got into such a state of confusion, from the layman's point of view, that one turns with hope to his compendium. But what a jungle it turns out to be! A jungle of exuberant adjectives, snappy quips, breathless discoveries and maddeningly arch remarks ('the spinster jackdaw has little to look forward to, not even the couch of the jackdaw analyst'), all laid on as thick as marzipan on a birthday cake.

Why can't Mr. Ardrey tell his story *straight*? Because, I suppose, this must be the way Americans like their popular science—shock tactics, ideas paraded behind a witch-doctor's mask designed to frighten tired, telly-drunk readers into attention. And if a layman feels like this, what must be the reactions of the scientists? Little short of frenzy, one supposes, or icy contempt; poor Mr. Ardrey will get thunder rocks slung at his head by every prehistorian in the country.

Drs. Raymond Dart, Louis Leakey, and others have not only pushed back by many thousands of years the estimated origin of our species, and claimed East Africa for its birth-place, but

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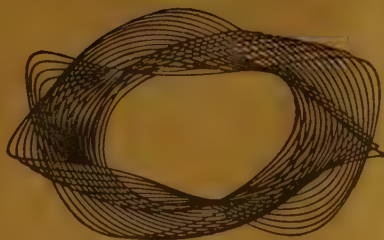
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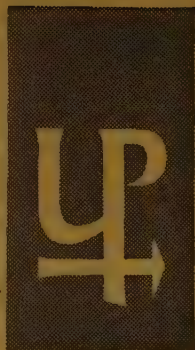
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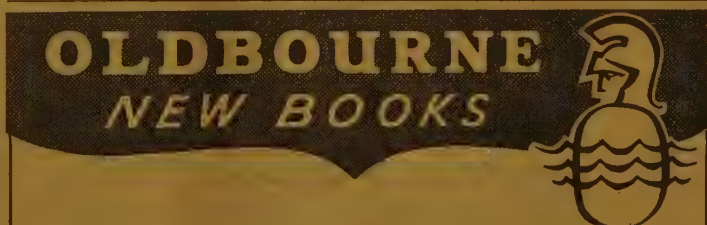
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advanced the thesis that mankind's precursors learnt to use and make weapons before *Homo sapiens* was evolved. Mr. Ardrey is profoundly stirred by this theory. The killing instinct, he argues, is built-in to the very core of human nature; away go all the romantic fallacies of man born in innocence, a fallen angel (does anyone really hold them these days?) and even *capable* of eliminating the urge to kill his fellow-men; this could come about only by a mutation of the genes, which has not yet happened—and even if it did, would be unlikely to survive. Man's greatest cultural achievement has been the weapon of destruction; 'the superior weapon has been the central human dream'.

We had better learn to live with this, Mr. Ardrey thinks; anyone who expects man to live at peace with his neighbours is barking up the wrong tree. So Mr. Ardrey will get savaged by the nuclear disarmers and mothers' unions as well as by the scientists; which is unfortunate, because although he writes with so much less grace, I am afraid he is more likely to be right in his basic assumptions about the nature of primeval man than Colonel van der Post. Oddly enough, starting from opposite poles, they meet in the middle—both think poorly of the prospects for our species at this moment in time.

ELSPETH HUXLEY

A Hero of Our Time

The Genesis of a Novel. By Thomas Mann.

Secker and Warburg. 18s.

IN 1947 THOMAS MANN published his novel on the Faust theme, about a German musician, an ideal figure, 'a hero of our time', who enters into a pact with the devil and is ultimately destroyed. Two years after publication of the novel he issued *Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus*, which is the book now translated by Richard and Clare Winston. This is his story, 'for myself and for my friends', of how the novel was conceived and written in California between 1942 and 1947.

Such documentation is unique in Mann's production. The reason is that he felt *Doctor Faustus* to be unique, his artistic justification: 'Perhaps it has been my lot only to fill the rest of a long life in a tolerably dignified and interesting manner'. We must, of course, allow for the writer's necessary belief that the material now under his hands is the most important he has ever touched, and it is unlikely that any reader will dismiss the works from *Buddenbrooks* to the Joseph novels as just tolerably dignified and interesting. Yet Mann's enthusiasm for *Faustus* is understandable. Throughout his life he defended order and propriety; his works are an admonitory examination of forces that threaten order and propriety. The chief symbol for these forces is the adventurous streak in the artist, whose indiscipline corresponds to disease, crime, the social upheaval of his era. So we find Mann nodding with approval when Georg Lukacs includes *Death in Venice* among the works that signal the existence of a barbarous under-world within modern German civilization, 'as its necessary complement'. The only proper perspective on writing, according to Mann, is that the writer is a reporting instrument, a seismograph, a medium of sensitivity.

From this account of his work on *Faustus* it is easy to see why 'the perhaps impossible novel' satisfied his feeling for order and propriety. The project spanned his working life, since, just before beginning to write in 1943 he turned up a three-line note for a Faust treatment dating from 1901, the time of *Tonio Kröger*. It was to be the final statement of themes that had preoccupied him since his youth, and, most important of all for him, the circumstances of composition led to absolute correspondence of outer and inner, since he wrote (and made his narrator write) at a time when the physical destruction of Germany was the daily accompaniment of his artist-hero's spiritual collapse. This musician who enters into a pact with the devil is the culmination of the belief expressed in *The Magic Mountain* that music is 'politically suspect', and there is no ambiguity about the last words of the novel: 'God be merciful to your soul, my friend, my fatherland'. Here is the modern Orpheus, torn to pieces by the Maenads who recognize his threat to society.

This book about the writing of *Faustus* is a chronicle of what Mann was doing, what he was reading, and of what was happening in Europe and elsewhere at the time. It is a self-portrait of a dedicated and therefore industrious writer, for whom the merely approximate was blasphemy. He attracted pertinent material from all directions, and among the books that impressed him at this time was Harry Levin's on Joyce, from which he quotes, with obvious pleasure, the remark that 'the best writing of our contemporaries is not an act of creation but an act of evocation peculiarly saturated with reminiscences'. His approval illuminates his confession that he loved the daemonic hero of *Faustus* more than any other of his fictional characters, with the possible exception of Hanno Buddenbrooks.

IDRIS PARRY

Advise and Dissent

Fact and Fiction. By Bertrand Russell.

Allen and Unwin. 18s.

ALMOST ALL THE THIRTY-THREE PIECES that make up this book have been published before as lectures, radio talks, or pamphlets. Of the four parts into which they are divided, the first, 'Books that Influenced Me in Youth', is concerned with fact, and the third, headed 'Divertissements', is concerned with fiction. Part II, however, about politics and education, and Part IV, about peace and war, do not fall under the heading of either fact or fiction, although in both of them many facts are reported and mistakes of fact sometimes made. Part I is of interest because of the skill with which the author recaptures his youthful enthusiasm for Shelley, Shakespeare, Turgenev, and Gibbon; Part III because of the pace and wit shown in most of the narratives. There is a story, for example, about a fraternity called the League of the Fight for the Right, the founder of which explains 'that he meant Right as opposed to Left, not right as opposed to wrong'. But it is Parts II and IV which contain the comments on political philosophy and the advice on public affairs that Russell has been giving to university students, listeners to B.B.C. programmes at home and abroad, to the Pugwash Movement, nuclear disarmers, readers of American newspapers, and the purchasers of pamphlets with the daunting, summer-school titles, 'What is Freedom?' and 'What is Democracy?'

What variety of liberalism, then, is here put forward by the philosopher who is old enough to have been brought up by the widow of Lord John Russell and to have had John Stuart Mill for his godfather, and young enough to have sat in a London street in order to induce his own government to dismantle its atomic armament irrespective of what other governments may do? Much of what he says is in the Whig tradition. Freedom and democracy, he holds, are not the same, and although democracies often foster and preserve freedom, they may greatly limit it too. Tolerance is a major political virtue, fanaticism the main political vice. Cultural nationalism, he holds, is good; economic and political nationalism lead towards bigotry, chauvinism and war. The independence of colonial peoples is on the whole desirable, in spite of the new tyrannies which the native governments sometimes introduce. On these and other matters he puts forward views which always command respect and frequently agreement.

Russell's discussion of nuclear disarmament, however, is in a rather different key. The papers here printed are of various dates from 1952 onwards. In the earlier ones great stress is laid upon the need for a world government with 'a monopoly of force' to keep the peace. Russell uncritically accepts the comparison between such a government and a national police force—he actually says that 'we must be as ready to suppress nations that indulge in murder or burglary as we are to suppress individuals who do so'—and thus has nothing to say about the difficulties and dangers of such a scheme. Russell has never been deceived by the liberal phraseology sometimes employed by Soviet apologists, but as his concern for unilateral nuclear disarmament has increased he has sought to help his cause by putting the United States on the same level with the Soviet Union. The governments of both East and

West, he says, are 'deeply criminal', and he tries to lend some support to this by the following assertion: 'In America, books giving truthful information about Russia are banned from public libraries. In Russia, there is almost complete prohibition of accurate knowledge about the West'. Perhaps this misleading equation is a result of the attempt to simplify. It certainly insinuates a false view about the spread of knowledge in the United States. Everyone agrees with Russell that a general nuclear war would be a disaster for mankind. The question is how this can be prevented. Russell thinks it may be prevented by civil disobedience in Great Britain leading to the abandonment by that country of atomic weapons and withdrawal from the alliance with America. A subsidiary claim is that in these circumstances the Russians would be unlikely to make an atomic attack on Britain. Those who disagree with Russell think that such a course might make atomic war more likely and that a non-nuclear Britain would have less influence in bringing about nuclear disarmament rather than more. This book would have been much more valuable if Russell had carefully discussed this opposing view instead of merely stating his own.

H. B. ACTON

End of a Dynasty

The Last Bourbons of Naples. By Harold Acton.
Methuen. £2 10s.

THE 'DEBUNKING' SCHOOL of history-writing seems to have been replaced by what we might crudely call the 'whitewashing' school. It might, I think, be said that the 'whitewashers' have shown the superior scholarship; at any rate the stock villains of history are nowadays judged with more impartiality. At first glance the Bourbons of Naples might not seem easy—and yet on the other hand they were obvious—candidates for rehabilitation. The popular image, in England at any rate, of all the Bourbon kings has long been unfavourable: ugly and big-nosed, bigoted and intolerant, at best incompetent and pandering to the coarse tastes of the mob, at worst ruling with extreme brutality a population sunk in ignorance, superstition, and squalid poverty—this is not an unfair summary of the verdict. To right the balance—a task long overdue, in English at any rate—Mr. Acton in 1956 published his first volume *The Bourbons of Naples*, telling the story from its beginning in 1734 to 1825. His second and concluding volume takes us to the end of the dynasty, when all its territory was incorporated in the new Kingdom of Italy.

In this new book the sound scholarship is not less well-grounded and assimilated, though it is never obtrusive. Mr. Acton makes a fair-minded but not uncritical approach to the two monarchs whose reigns he chronicles. He is very conscious that both have been tagged with unfavourable labels, given authority by leading writers. There was Ferdinand II, called 'King Bomba' because one of his generals bombarded the rebels in Messina, a ruthless tyrant, denounced by Gladstone after a visit to two of the Naples prisons, as 'the negation of God erected into a system of government'. Then Francis II, weak, ineffective, superstitious, treated by Risorgimento historians as the obstinate last barrier (except, of course, the Pope) to the glorious unification of Italy. Mr. Acton does not excuse either the bombing or the prisons; he shows, however, that the King had to contend with civil war and murderous designs, and that Gladstone's right to criticize in such vehement terms was open to question in view of England's treatment of the Irish at that time. As for Francis, he was young, but conscientious, gave his subjects, as far as conditions allowed, pleasant living and even some of the benefits of modern progress, such as the extension of the railway system and the creation of a first-rate port at Naples. It should be more widely known that the reactionary Ferdinand introduced into Italy the first railways, the first electric telegraph and the first lenticular light-house. It was, Mr. Acton asserts, 'a period of bustling enterprise and commercial activity'. If Ferdinand was an absolute despot by British standards, he knew and loved his people, and was idolized by the crowd, the *lazzaroni*. He was detested by the intellectuals, who infiltrated into his kingdom the propaganda that prepared the way for Garibaldi. The Bourbons' government was always complicated

by the Sicilian resentment against Naples—and Sicily is a peculiarly thorny problem even to this day. Even if Ferdinand had had the capacity of Victor Emmanuel and the luck to have such able ministers and generals, it is doubtful whether he could have achieved the unity of Italy. Certainly his successor had no gift of leadership and he was badly served by aged generals.

In his first volume Mr. Acton remarked that the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was too small for an independent foreign policy, and too large to rely on its moderate scale for its security. Austria and Russia had both helped in the past, but to cope with the situation in 1859 and 1860 effective help could only come from France; and Piedmont had already bound Napoleon III to herself. It was because of this that Cavour felt able, after Garibaldi's triumph, to double-cross both Garibaldi and the young, inexperienced King of Naples. It was deception and hypocrisy, but it was brilliantly successful. What was described by Cavour privately as 'a crazy escapade' was turned by him into the annexation of the whole of the Bourbon Kingdom. Defeated by subversive propaganda and then by arms, Francis withdrew from Naples, so saving it from ruin; he went, with his beautiful Bavarian wife, to make one last, courageous stand at Gaeta. When that was lost he withdrew into exile, in the Pope's states. He remained kind and gentle and chivalrous to the last, whatever might be said of some of his entourage. Mr. Acton has mastered a complex story and given a large portrait-gallery of the other chief characters. His book conveys Naples to us as could only be done by someone who has known it for so long and has loved its people so much. Both Mr. Acton's books would make excellent reading for anyone who proposes to visit the city and wishes to get some of the historical and social background.

ALEC RANDALL

The Past Restored

The Dawn of Civilization. Edited by Stuart Piggott.
Thames and Hudson. £8 8s.

IN OUR GRANDFATHERS' time a knowledge of classical antiquities, even if gained only at second-hand, was accounted as much a part of a liberal education as was a fluency in the classical languages. For us, however, with our small Latin and less Greek, the even earlier remains of the non-literate past overshadow those of the classical world. Stonehenge has replaced the Parthenon as the prime symbol of antiquity.

The emergence of prehistoric archaeology as a subject of popular interest, and even of popular entertainment, will no doubt be studied and assessed by the social historians of the future, and rightly so, for there can be few fields of academic inquiry which have more quickly or more widely captured the public imagination. The extent to which this spectacular growth has been stimulated by various means of communication—television, sound broadcasting, newspapers, magazines, and books—it is still too early to assess. But there can be no doubt that at the more serious and informed level of interest a large contribution has been made by a few British publishing houses which have commissioned specialists to produce well-illustrated books specifically for the general reader. Among these the Thames and Hudson series on *Ancient Peoples and Places* has been outstandingly successful.

The same firm has now attempted (and let it be said at once, has triumphantly achieved) the most ambitious project of archaeological popularization so far essayed anywhere in the world. Even if it is eventually surpassed (and this is unlikely for some time to come) this book will remain a landmark in the history of the communication of knowledge from the few to the many.

The theme of *The Dawn of Civilization* is the story, in so far as it can be pieced together from material evidence, of those peoples who laid the foundations of all the great civilizations of the world, from Maes Howe to Mycenae and from China to Peru. A work of such compass has long since been beyond the capacity of any one man; and it is a matter for some pride that the publishers have been able to find within Britain thirteen contributors to cover this immense field of time and space, each of whom is not only an outstanding expert in his own field but can also com-

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A Cypro-Phoenician princess at her toilet, c. 700 B.C. Some of the details in this reconstruction are taken from still extant tomb structures, which were built to resemble the houses of the time

From 'The Dawn of Civilization'

municate his knowledge lucidly and without pedantry or jargon. These thirteen chapters have been welded together in a masterly way by the general editor, Professor Piggott, who has also contributed an introduction which must be counted as the most cogent and the most elegant summary of the philosophy of archaeology that has yet been written.

Each section begins with a map and a detailed chronological table in which, even for the lesser-known areas, the dates are firmly and rightly given in centuries B.C. and A.D. These are followed by a lavish series of half-tone illustrations, many in colour, which with their extended captions form short picture-books which are complete in themselves. Thereafter the main text of the section is printed on buff paper, with further illustrations in line and stipple. Quite apart from the value of its contents, this is an exceedingly bold and imaginative piece of book-production, for which the publishers, and especially the assistant editor, Mr. Vincent Megaw, deserve the warmest congratulations.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the book, and certainly the most controversial, is the series of over thirty reconstructions in colour of scenes from the past, such as the building of Stonehenge, the burial of a pre-Hittite king, or the enacting of a ritual dance in the palace courtyard at Knossos. Reconstructions of this kind are one of the most challenging means of communication in archaeology, but also one of the most dangerous; and for this reason some archaeologists will have nothing to do with them, preferring to let the monuments and the objects 'speak for themselves'. But this austere attitude is founded on a fallacy. Archaeological evidence is of itself dumb, and can yield no information except through an interpreter. Yet there is no reason why the interpretation should always be exclusively verbal.

Of course there are difficulties which every illustrator in this category must face, particularly in such matters as hair-styles and the cut and colouring of clothes, for which the evidence is organic and perishable, and may not always have been preserved in any

other medium, such as tomb-paintings. But the fundamental difficulty arises not from the incomplete nature of the archaeological evidence but from the inherent limitations of painting and drawing as a means of communicating ideas. A verbal statement based on inadequate evidence can always be qualified, so that its degree of probability is apparent; but a graphic statement admits of no such qualification. For the illustrator, there is no semantic equivalent of the word 'perhaps'.

There is no escape from this limitation; but within it Miss Gaynor Chapman has achieved a notable success, precisely because her deliberately naïve and almost child-like style (epithets which I use in a descriptive sense, not in a critical one) emphasizes the personal and individual character of her vision. 'This is how I see it', she says in effect, not 'This is how it was'. For an example of reconstructions of the latter kind one need look no further than the series which appeared a year or two ago in *Life Magazine*, whose glossy and almost meretricious slickness, with its barely concealed undertones of blood and sex, provides a most instructive contrast to Miss Chapman's simplicity and restraint.

The picture which one inevitably gets from this lavishly documented book, as its editor is at pains to underline, is essentially a technological one. This emphasis is not a matter of deliberate choice by authors or publisher. It is imposed by the very nature of archaeological evidence which, being itself material, can be interpreted effectively and meaningfully only in materialistic terms. Archaeology can tell us very little even about civilization itself, in the true sense of that term. For civilization is not just a matter of living together in cities; it is also an attitude of mind. For the larger and the more complex the community of which a man recognizes himself as a member, the more he must consciously and willingly abrogate of his personal sovereignty. Yet it is precisely about the attitudes of men to their estate, whether civilized or not, that the non-literate evidence of archaeology must for ever be silent.

It is perhaps fitting that the dust-jacket of this remarkable book should bear the likeness in beaten gold of that unknown Mycenaean prince, whom Schliemann hailed as Agamemnon. For do not those tight-closed lips and shuttered eyes, serene in the last indifference of death, remind us that though we may count his wealth and guess his power, we shall never know what the dawn of civilization meant to him?

R. J. C. ATKINSON

Old Alleynian

Wodehouse at Work. By Richard Usborne.

Herbert Jenkins. 21s.

Ice in the Bedroom. By P. G. Wodehouse.

Herbert Jenkins. 13s. 6d.

THE VITAL ELEMENTS and attitudes in P. G. Wodehouse's literary make-up were acquired during his schooldays at Dulwich; and Richard Usborne's *Wodehouse at Work*, a blithe and comprehensive survey both of the *corpus* and the *matéria*, is never far away from one or another aspect of this basic proposition. It was at Dulwich that Wodehouse was grounded in the Greek and Latin classics and conceived for them his enduring if sometimes jocose affection. It is not merely fanciful to see in his complex plots, and more particularly in his beautifully contrived misunderstandings, the influence of Menander and Terence. But a far more important legacy of the Classical Sixth is the training which Wodehouse had in *words*—in getting his will of them while accepting with a good grace the disciplines which they imposed. It was not for nothing that he was especially fond of that unfashionable but invaluable exercise, the rendering of English poetry into Latin or Greek verse. One of the primary conditions in this is an iron ruling as to permissible length; and as Mr. Usborne observes, even Wodehouse's longest sentences, however elaborately sub-divided and qualified, seldom contain a syllable more than his sense requires.

Having endowed him with love of language, Dulwich then threw in the concept of the schoolboy Code—which pervades all his work, whether he is writing of schoolchildren or 'adults'. Once

again, this is both unfashionable and entirely admirable. It enjoins, among other things, a modest demeanour, loyalty to one's friends, and the absolute rejection of the *delator* or 'sneak'. Essentially exclusive, the Code is not at all in tune with the progressive or popular thought of our age; its manners tend to formality, it is cautious of outsiders, it affords neither assistance to the reformer nor information to the bureaucrat: but as a basis of amiable intercourse between private people there is a very great deal to be said for it, which doubtless explains why it inspires so much envy and malice in those whom it does not embrace. Since Wodehouse has adopted the Code at its most elementary and naive, it has as little to say about sex as Tom Merry or Billy Bunter—an omission no more deleterious, if one considers Wodehouse's scope and purpose, than the convention whereby other entertainers ignore the existence of money.

The Wodehouse world, then, is that of the Remove or the Lower Fifth. Whatever the hero's official age, he is always, as Mr. Usborne points out, a spiritual fifteen: just too old to be a fag, but too young to be involved in the trials and responsibilities of prefecthood. His day is one long round of innocent and mildly mischievous amusements; and the idyll is threatened only by occasional quirks of fate and the lowering hostility of the authorities—whom no Wodehouse hero can ever hope to comprehend or to join. Thus Bertie Wooster has the key of the door, plenty of cash and no job (is free of fagging, that is, yet not required to be a monitor); but his happiness is constantly marred by authority in the person of Aunt Agatha, whose demands seem monstrous and irrelevant but to whom some schoolboy instinct (the Code at work again?) compels Bertie to pay formal deference. (Mr. Usborne is brilliant, by the way, on the Wodehouse Aunt-figure.) So Aunt Agatha issues her command (a job or a wife, as likely as not), Bertie demurs politely, the pressure is on; by the end of the contest Aunt Agatha will have given a good account of herself and will have preserved face but Bertie, though he has taken some tough knocks, will be as free and irresponsible as ever. Aunt Agatha goes off to devise yet another *coup*, Bertie retires to enjoy the interval in the Drones Club, and everything is one long and happy half-holiday until the next and inevitable summons to Aunt Agatha's study. . . .

Ice in the Bedroom has been written by Mr. Wodehouse in his eightieth year. It is ingenious in construction, apt in expression, felicitous in its mythology, polymath in reference and quotation (Swinburne, Joyce, Gissing, just for a start). Cyril Bailey's magnificent compliment to Mr. Wodehouse is as true today as it was twenty years ago: '*concinnus, lepidus, puri sermonis amator*'.

SIMON RAVEN

The Quest for Querry

In Search of a Character: Two African Journals.
By Graham Greene. Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.

THE SECOND, AND SHORTER, of these journals describes a war-time journey in convoy from Liverpool to Sierra Leone. The voyage was uneventful, the company uninspiring;—if (it is a doubtful point) a risk exists that anything written by Mr. Greene can be dull, this journal runs it.

Its stable-companion is a horse of a different colour. Eighteen years later, in 1959, Mr. Greene set out for the Belgian Congo, carrying inchoate in his head the central theme of *A Burnt-Out Case*; 'never had a novel proved more recalcitrant or depressing'. This time his *cahiers de voyage* had a purpose. X, who in the end was called Querry, travelled with him, a companion at once exigent and elusive, and gradually the book took shape. Here, then, is an unusual opportunity, usefully furthered by footnotes written after the novel was finished, to see an author's mind consciously, deliberately at work on his raw material.

'The economy of a novelist', Mr. Greene thinks, 'is a little like that of a careful housewife, who is unwilling to throw away anything that might perhaps serve its turn'. The left-overs of personal experience come in particularly useful when the story's background is exotic or technical; *A Burnt-Out Case*, dealing

with leprosy in Equatorial Africa, could hardly have been written if Mr. Greene had not made his journey to Yonda, and no skill in textual criticism is needed to assess the important debt owed by the novel to the traveller's notes. Local colour (to use a mildly nauseous expression) ranges from the sad symptoms of leprosy to the customs of the natives, and the background of Querry's experiences is at times an almost photographic reproduction of the background to his author's journey.

Many, perhaps most, artists do not like you to look over their shoulders while they are painting, which is in effect what Mr. Greene here allows us to do. The privilege is, on the whole, a doubtful one, since it tends in some curious way to cheapen, or anyhow to alter the value of the finished work; once a conjuror has explained even the simplest of his tricks, the aura of magic is compromised, he can never be quite so impressive again. When we learn that many of the things that Querry did, many of the sights he saw and the smells he smelled, were done, seen and smelled by Mr. Greene, Querry ceases to stand on his own feet as a character; he becomes slightly second-hand, slightly off-the-peg.

There is, on the other hand, a fascination in watching the artist's brushwork effect its transformations. In real life the Bishop was 'a wonderfully handsome old man with an eighteenth-century manner—or perhaps the manner of an Edwardian boulevardier'. In the novel he had, for the novelist's purposes, to be taken down a peg: 'a tall rakish figure with a neatly trimmed beard and the roving eye of an old-fashioned cavalier of the boulevards'.

In Search of a Character throws no light on what is for me the central mystery of *A Burnt-Out Case*; indeed, it deepens that mystery. There is no trace in its pages of Parkinson, the special correspondent of the *Sunday Post*. Absolutely nothing about Parkinson rings true, from his habit of ending every other sentence with a trite but wrongly attributed quotation to the fact that, although a perfectly odious man and a hopelessly inaccurate reporter, he is at the head of his profession. He is not even technically plausible, expecting as he does the *Sunday Post* to send him by airmail to a town in the interior 'a copy' of the article which he sent them, and knowing already full details of the successful syndication of its predecessor. How this script-writer's travesty found its way into, and indeed played a decisive part in, a serious and distinguished novel puzzled me before I read *In Search of a Character*; with all the evidence that this contains of a determined, an almost passionate quest for artistic truth, I find the question still harder to answer.

PETER FLEMING

The Assassin

The Unmentionable Nechaev. A Key to Bolshevism.
By Michael Prawdin. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SERGEI NECHAEV, of whom this is the first book-length study in English, is mainly remarkable for having inspired one of the greatest novels of the great Russian nineteenth century—*The Possessed*. A man of action rather than a thinker, Nechaev, who derived such ideas as he had from the intellectually much more powerful Bakunin and Tkachev (probably the authors of the works which are sometimes erroneously attributed to Nechaev) belonged to the turbulent phase of blind and desperate revolutionary violence which started soon after the liberation of the serfs in 1861. His short-lived revolutionary circle was of little influence, and he would probably be forgotten by now were it not for the startling murder, on November 21, 1869, of his fellow-student, Ivanov.

The motive for this cold-blooded killing, in which Nechaev and two others participated, is not clear. Ivanov was wavering in his allegiance to Nechaev, who might have feared a denunciation; or the murder may have been designed, in Nechaev's feverish imagination, to weld his fellow revolutionaries together with a bond of common guilt. The whole incident profoundly shocked even the most radical of the Russian intelligentsia. Nechaev fled and escaped the trial in which many of his followers (or alleged

followers) were condemned. During his exile he succeeded first in charming and then in completely repelling Bakunin, and in extorting a substantial sum of money out of Herzen's daughter and Ogarev. In 1872 he was extradited to Russia by the Swiss government which refused to treat the killing of Ivanov as political—somewhat to the horror of even those exiled revolutionaries like Bakunin who regarded Nechaev as a dangerous charlatan. He was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment and died in gaol in 1882, having shown both remarkable fortitude and astonishing powers of converting his gaolers to revolutionary ideas.

Dostoevsky had heard a great deal about Ivanov in conversation during October 1869 with his brother-in-law, who happened to be a fellow-student. Naturally enough the murder, coming almost immediately after, shocked him profoundly. His first impulse was to write a political pamphlet, to 'lower the tone', as he wrote to a friend, 'to take the whip in one's hand and attack . . .'. But the artist got the better of the would-be pamphleteer. A year later Dostoevsky was telling Katkov that 'these misbegotten creatures are unworthy of literature'. His mind, he wrote, was now occupied with the evil, but much more tragic figure of Stavrogin. 'Stavrogin is all', he records in his notebooks in August 1870. So Stavrogin and the saintly Tikhon became the key figures of the novel, while Peter Verkhovensky (a caricature of Nechaev) and his victim Shatov (an idealized Ivanov) were relegated to a minor place. The religious message of the novel is partly symbolized in the title, better translated as *The Devils*: the revolutionaries are the Gadarene swine of the Gospels into whom evil has entered, but who, after they have destroyed themselves, leave behind the purified saintliness of the Russian people.

Mr. Prawdin's study tells us little that is new, or has not already received more imaginative and scholarly treatment in E. H. Carr's *Bakunin* and F. Venturi's *Roots of Revolution*. The main purpose of the book is to explain Lenin in terms of Nechaev. Like all half-truths this is more misleading than illuminating. Of course Lenin had some of the fanaticism, the lack of scruples, amorality and exaggerated faith in organization which characterized not only Nechaev but others of Nechaev's generation—Karakozov, Ishutin, or A. N. Serno-Solovovich, for example. But if predecessors are to be sought for bolshevism, there are much better candidates, like Chernyshevsky, Ogarev, Bakunin, and above all Tkachev. These were of the intellectual calibre to make an impact on a man like Lenin. The fanatical but quite ineffectual Nechaev was not.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

The Crystal Art

Italian Blown Glass. By Giovanni Mariacher.
Thames and Hudson. £8 8s.

THIS NOBLE VOLUME is devoted to an art which does not stand high in popular estimation, partly, no doubt, because of the fragility and consequent rarity of the objects produced by it, but also because very little consideration has been given to its aesthetic principles by writers on art. Not many people are even aware of the difference between blown glass and pressed glass, though it is a difference between a technique that is personal and expressive and one that is mechanical and dead. Ruskin, who on

this as on many other such matters, had the first and the last word, described (in an appendix to volume two of *The Stones of Venice*) the peculiar characteristics of blown glass as two, its ductility when heated and its transparency when cold, and he declared that 'all work in glass is bad which does not, with a loud voice, proclaim one or other of these great qualities'. One gets the best idea of a glass vessel by thinking of a bubble which can be given an infinite variety of forms, the forms becoming fixed as the bubble cools. The art calls for great dexterity and lightness of touch.

No delicate outlines are to be attempted, but only such fantastic and fickle grace as the mind of the workman can conceive and execute on the instant. The more wild, extravagant, and grotesque in their gracefulness the forms are the better. No material is so adapted for giving full play to the imagination, but it must not be wrought with refinement or painfulness, still less with costliness. . . . No workman ought ever to spend more than an hour in the making of any glass vessel.

This art, according to Pliny, had its origins in Phoenicia, but glass was also made in Egypt from very early times (sixteenth to fourteenth centuries B.C.) and since sand (silica) combined with an alkali (soda) are the essential ingredients, there were obvious economic reasons for the localization of the industry in a region like the Nile delta. But later, in the Christian era, the centre of the industry moved to the Venetian lagoon, and finally, probably as a precaution against fire spreading from the furnaces, was concentrated on the island of Murano. There were other centres of production in Italy, such as Altare, but it is probable that nine-tenths of the decorative glass vessels that have survived are Venetian, and even those vessels which were produced during the Renaissance in the Netherlands and in England were the work of Venetian craftsmen or of native craftsmen working in the Venetian manner.

All these historical facts and many others are related in a clear and concise introduction to this volume by Signor Mariacher, the leading authority in the world on this subject, and it is a pleasure to praise a translation (by Michael Bullock and Johanna Capra) which is both accurate in its terminology and graceful in style. The introduction is accompanied by about sixty half-tone illustrations of a documentary or purely historical interest, but the main feature of the volume is a series of eighty-four colour plates. Transparent glass is notoriously difficult to photograph—reflections and high-lights must be controlled to a degree that reveals the glassiness of the material and yet does not obscure the form or the decoration of the object—but in general these difficulties have been successfully overcome. The backgrounds are neutral and admirably reveal the outline, which, in blown vessels, is of supreme importance.

The art, of course, had its excesses—not the extravagances referred to by Ruskin, which reach their miraculous limit in some of the mirrors and chandeliers of the Rococo period (Signor Mariacher refers to 'a miraculous aerial tangle of suspended branches further enriched by multicoloured flowers, pendants, curled-up leaves and wreaths of flowers . . . a whole decorative apparatus breath-taking in its effect')—but rather those vessels of milk-white glass which tried in vain to rival the qualities of porcelain. But in general the glass-blower was too conscious of the peculiar virtues of his own material to stray far in this direction.

The Victoria and Albert Museum and the British Museum have fine collections of blown glass which deserve more attention



Eighteenth-century Venetian beaker
From 'Italian Blown Glass'

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from the public than they get. But the largest and most varied store is to be found in the Museo Vetrario on the island of Murano. The reviewer remembers spending several studious days in this museum nearly forty years ago, lovingly sketching the objects exhibited there, for even photographs were not then obtainable. The student today is much luckier in having this ready-made and reliable record—or is he? Ruskin again would tell us that the image in the mind is never perfect until the hand has traced its outline.

HERBERT READ

Revelations

Man, God and Magic. By Ivar Lissner. Cape. 35s.

IVAR LISSNER belongs to that odd brand of writers whom the Nordic mists seem to nurture so regularly; by some flash of intuition they discover the 'secret of the universe' or 'the key to the Scriptures'; and then spend laborious years (in Mr. Lissner's case seventeen) combing through any literature which appears relevant, and extracting excerpts which can be made congruent with their intuition. Since what they seek is support of the truths they know intuitively, such readings and excerpts are quite uncritical; a third-rate authority who has a sentence to support their revelation is preferred above any more generally respected writer.

Mr. Lissner's revelation consists of the notions that evolution does not apply to human beings; Man was the object of special creation some 600,000 years ago, and was made with the knowledge that there is only one God, who is best worshipped by the sacrifice of bears and reindeer; and further that the circum-polar and antarctic tribes are more 'ancient' than any of their contemporaries and have preserved less contaminated than 'modern' societies the mystical knowledge with which man was born. According to this thesis the hominids, who are not normally considered to be ancestors of homo sapiens—Peking man, Pithecanthropus, Neanderthal man, and so on—are all part of the same line; any creatures which used fire or tools, buried their dead or collected animal skulls in their caves demonstrated by these actions their worship of one God and their belief in the immortality of the soul.

About half Mr. Lissner's large book is concerned with comment on and reconstruction of palaeolithic 'man'; most of the remainder is occupied with very summary accounts of the ways of life and religious beliefs of the inhabitants of the Far North and Far South. Mr. Lissner tells us that he spent some years himself among the tribes along the Amur river, in Manchuria and Soviet north-east Siberia. He does not tell us in what capacity he was in this region, but it was obviously not as a trained anthropologist or ethnologist. There are scraps of new information about the Gilyaks and Tungus; but nearly all the facts, and every one of the illustrations, are excerpted from standard works on these peoples. The material on the bear cult is of some intrinsic interest for those who, for one reason or another, cannot read the original sources.

This book is made to look like science (according to the fly-leaf respectable literary ladies and gentlemen have taken Mr. Lissner's earlier book seriously); but it belongs on the same shelf as

books about Atlantis, the revelations of the Great Pyramid, the Baconians, and similar flights of fantasy. It is a fine upstanding example of this genre; the numerous illustrations are well reproduced.

GEOFFREY GORER

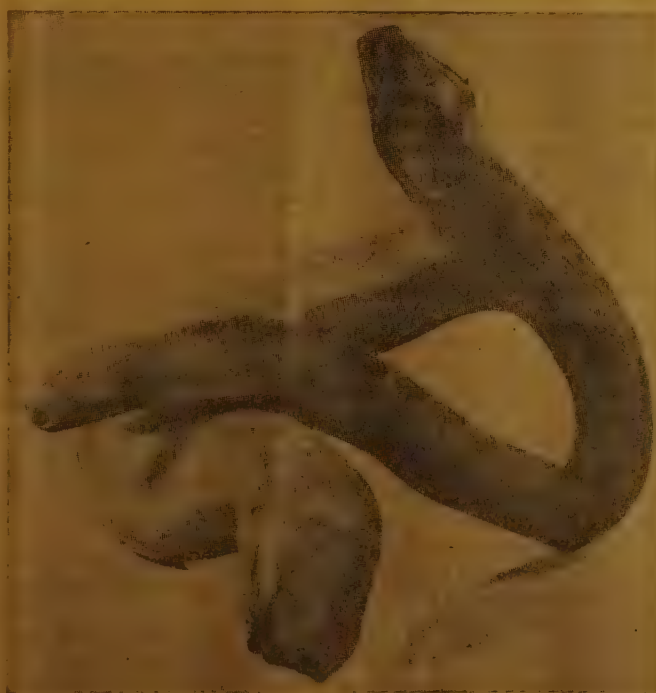
Middle East Mission

Dust in the Lion's Paw. By Freya Stark.
John Murray. 25s.

THERE IS A CERTAIN HARDIHOOD in venturing at this date on a volume of non-combatant memoirs of the second world war. Miss Stark, less chair-borne than others whose service was in the line of persuasion, can count among her assets the peculiar and neglected interest of centres such as Cairo, Aden, the Yemen and Baghdad where her work lay. Much beyond this, however, is her own familiar touch as a travel-writer. Without that skill in the evocation of places and people, which she has been accustomed to deploy in personal correspondence as well as in her books, she could hardly have held attention with the scissors-and-paste pursuit of a mood which (she admits) 'seems gone beyond recapture'. The short, felicitous phrases of descriptive detail are here again, and in good measure. Even so, it might have been better to assimilate many of the letters into the stream of the text instead of reprinting them.

The mood that Miss Stark does recapture is valiant and sure, sustaining her through depression and difficulty and answering pretty well, one may suggest, the memories of others who did what lay to hand in some of the queerer regions of a global war. Behind the fighting fronts, the Middle East seemed at once isolated and central, a still centre only by military comparison. And the almost forgotten operations in the 'Golden Square' crisis in Iraq in 1941, recently described in one aspect by Mr. John Masters, receive a complementary illumination in two of Miss Stark's chapters. The title of one of them, 'Baghdad: the Siege of the Embassy', carries Lucknow echoes of which those who experienced it, not knowing what the outcome would be, seem to have been aware. But outside the walls was the accessible Arab, his capacity for friendship momentarily confused by politics, but his mind and heart open to those who knew his language and his life. If Miss Stark's reliance upon this knowledge, her simple rules of

persuasion and confidence in her national mission, come to be questioned by the reader, it may be because he uses the hindsight which her own straight course hardly admits. She can at least point to her creation, the *Ikhwan el Hurriya* (Brotherhood of Freedom), which survived until the crisis of 1952, and at its suppression had 6,000 committees throughout the cultivated area of Egypt. Iraq was a subsequent casualty, and her book is dedicated to Nuri and other murdered friends, victims of a British failure, in integrity or in political skill, to make a clean follow-through. The Zionist difficulty she preserves in petroleum-scented amber. The inter-allied nagging, one remembers on reading the letters from her propaganda-tour in America, was like that, and the dialogue about India was even less relevant to what was really happening. Describing her own contacts with Wavell and his Vice-regal burden, she keeps to the visual impact and the personal



Fragment of root, ending in three bears' heads, used for dividing bear-meat by the Gilyaks of Siberia

From 'Man, God and Magic'

impression. 'The labyrinth of Indian politics' was not for her, though she 'photographed the leaders of the destinies of India', rickshaw-borne to the abortive Simla conference. Their pictures, alas, are wrongly identified in an otherwise well-produced book.

FRANCIS WATSON

Veteris Vestigia Flammae

Some Recollections. By Emma Hardy. Edited by Evelyn Hardy and Robert Gittings. Oxford. 16s.

OUR IDEAS, NECESSARILY INCOMPLETE, of the darker side of Thomas Hardy's first marriage have to be pieced together from a variety of sources: a few statements in his own and other people's letters; the formidable evidence of the poems; the less certain evidence of a number of passages in the novels. There is also the gossip of casual observers and self-styled close friends. Gossip is not to be despised as evidence, but a good deal of that which surrounds Hardy can be discarded out of hand. The mysterious blurb to the present volume seems to have drawn rather heavily on one of these questionable sources.

What is certain is that Hardy and Emma were not well suited; and Hardy has received more sympathy than Emma in a situation where they both suffered as much as they could. There is no reason to question the idyllic nature of their early relationship in North Cornwall, and of the first years of their marriage; but after a time cancerous quantities of hate largely overspread this: a hate fortified on Emma's side by envy, social disappointment and a vain, offensive snobbishness, on Hardy's by a temperamental inconstancy. The two of them lived together for almost forty years, and increasing age does not seem to have mellowed a probably ill-judged match. Yet the more one studies them the more there seems to emerge a kind of inevitability about their conjunction; and there was a quality of loyalty in both of them that is often overlooked, and in his memories Hardy cherished this fact.

Emma's unexpected death, when they were both seventy-two (he had expected her to live to 'quite old age') was the major disaster of his later life. The pair were not, as has sometimes been asserted, literally 'estranged' at the time of her death; nor were they reconciled. But his unforeseen loss of her overwhelmed him; and there is already more than funeral-piety in the inscription on Hardy's funeral-wreath: 'From her lonely husband—with the old affection'. For the old affection had begun to make a clamorous return. The great outpouring of poetry after Emma's death is well known: the poems, in so far as an order of composition can be established, show first a desolation, a growing remorse, and then a gradual re-living of the early emotions seen through the melancholy haze of the present. A few months after her death Hardy revisited, for the first time since their marriage, the places of their early love. In every detail, his life and art at this time offer a classical illustration of the later psycho-analytical conception of the nature of mourning, and its relation to creative activity.

At some point soon after Emma's death, Hardy discovered a manuscript she had written nearly two years before, called *Some Recollections*. The later pages, dealing with their romance at St. Juliot, have already appeared, in a reasonably emended form, edited by Hardy himself. They are here given in full, together with the earlier sections dealing with Emma's life before they met. These are of immense value in their information about Emma's curious shabby-genteel background: lucid details shine through the helpless, illiterate, incoherent, deranged ramblings of this sad, pathetic old woman. In these pages, Emma, in her loneliness, is desperately attempting to say something to someone: their importance lies, I believe, in the fact that she had—as Hardy must have felt, with some sense of humiliation—in an odd way, under God knows what inspiration, contrived to recapture their earlier days together; it was to take her death to provoke this activity in himself. When gossip and maliciousness

have done their worst with Emma, this still remains something worth remembering.

It is a little surprising to see the name of Miss Evelyn Hardy associated with the presentation of these difficult pages; her past achievements in the way of transcription have not been of a kind to beget confidence. It is to be hoped that the presence of Mr. Robert Gittings has guaranteed the general accuracy of the text; he has not, of course, been able to hold completely in check Miss Hardy's passion for irrelevant annotation: perhaps he feels that this has sometimes a wild charm of its own. Mr. Gittings has himself edited a small anthology of poems, appended to the main text, which may be considered to have a definite or possible derivation from the *Recollections* themselves. There is naturally room for minor disagreement about some of his choices, but most of what he has to say is very illuminating; and all of it is worth the closest attention.

HENRY REED

Two Poems

The Suicide

And this, ladies and gentlemen, whom I am not in fact
Conducting, was his office all those minutes ago,
This man you never heard of. There are the bills
In the intray, the ash in the ashtray, the grey memoranda stacked
Against him, the serried ranks of the box-files, the packed
Jury of his unanswered correspondence
Nodding under the paperweight in the breeze
From the window by which he left; and here is the cracked
Receiver that never got mended and here is the jotter
With his last doodle which might be his own digestive tract
Ulcer and all or might be the flowery maze
Through which he had wandered deliciously till he stumbled
Suddenly finally conscious of all he lacked
On a manhole under the hollyhocks. The pencil
Point had obviously broken yet, when he left this room
By catdrop sleight-of-foot or simple vanishing act,
To those who knew him for all that mess in the street
This man with the shy smile has left behind
Something that was intact.

Soap Suds

This brand of soap has the same smell as once in the big
House he visited when he was eight: the walls of the bathroom
open
To reveal a lawn where a great yellow ball rolls back through a
hoop
To rest at the head of a mallet held in the hands of a child.

And these were the joys of that house: a tower with a telescope;
Two great faded globes, one of the earth, one of the stars;
A stuffed black dog in the hall; a walled garden with bees;
A rabbit warren; a rockery; a vine under glass; the sea.

To which he has now returned. The day of course is fine
And a grown-up voice cries Play! The mallet slowly swings,
Then crack, a great gong booms from the dog-dark hall and the
ball
Skims forward through the hoop and then through the next and
then

Through hoops where no hoops were and each dissolves in turn
And the grass has grown head-high and an angry voice cries
Play!
But the ball is lost and the mallet slipped long since from the hands
Under the running tap that are not the hands of a child.

LOUIS MACNEICE
—Third Programme



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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

On Safari

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS ago I met a young Belgian in Hollywood. He had travelled with Leila Roosevelt from north-west to equatorial Africa (in those days, a very hazardous adventure), filming native and animal life. He was trying to market his picture, a remarkable work called, as far as I remember, 'Black Rapture'.

The name of that young man was Armand Denis, and I have followed his career ever since with interest, and sadness. He is a good film maker. He has a deep love of wild life and primitive people. But he and his wife Michaela are not television personalities, or writers or speakers of commentaries in the English language. Series like 'Safari to Asia', which came at last to an end a few weeks back, are ruined by visuals of the filmmaker and the even more embarrassing commentaries of Armand and Michaela. Alan Melville can do that sort of thing even funnier.

On October 20, at 7.30, we had the first of a series of three films on 'The Dying Plains of Africa', produced by Armand Denis. In it was a flash of the true Denis. I could have dispensed with Armand's introduction. But the commentary by Mervyn Cowie, the Director of Kenya's National Parks, made up for its lack of professional competence by its authority.

My two criticisms were, first, that the game poachers were arrested without the sort of struggle to be expected; and, secondly, I wanted to see the arrests thrust home to the black-market dealers on the coast. My hatred was aroused by this savage slaughter, but what could I do about it?

Having attacked 'Adventure' last week, I'm glad to report that 'The Land of the Queen of Sheba' (October 19) was well worth looking

at. The chief reason was that we had no visual personality between ourselves and the Ethiopians. It was a straightforward illustrated lecture, visually fascinating.

I found one sentence of the commentary misleading, the statement that the present worship of the Ethiopian Christian church was 'surprisingly closer to that of the early Christian Church than that of the West'. The truth would surely be that the Ethiopian Church had



A nineteenth-century gold and silver cross of the kind carried during important ceremonies in the Ethiopian Christian Church: from the documentary programme 'The Land of the Queen of Sheba'

changed less in the last 1,700 years than the Western churches. But does this mean anything more than that the revelation of God had stagnated in the Ethiopian Church?

News event of the week was the teachers' pay



Dame Ninette de Valois in 'Monitor'

dispute. Education dominated the week's discussions, 'Table-Talk' (October 16), 'Wednesday Magazine' (October 18), 'Panorama' (October 16) and 'Tonight' (October 19).

It is not for me to allocate rights and wrongs. Once a school-teacher myself, I felt strongly with the young master on 'Panorama' who was bitter to find that marriage in a caravan was not so paradisaical with a baby and winter coming on. I reacted strongly to Sir Ronald Gould, the Secretary of the National Union of Teachers, whose fighting speech on Monday (October 16) said that the strike was on: Sir Ronald had made his points so well that I was against him on Thursday when he was defending the calling off of the strike against six London teachers, who, believe it or not, were 'a howling mob'. It was wonderful entertainment. But having thought, I wonder whether the Editor of the *Times Educational Supplement*, who appeared so unsympathetic on 'Panorama', wasn't right when he suggested that the Burnham Committee, on which the Minister of Education (who foots the main wages bill in awards) has no representation, is an anomaly.

'Monitor' (October 22) brought us a rather embarrassing interview with Edward Albee, the American playwright whose two plays *The American Dream* and *Death of Bessie Smith* opened at the Royal Court on Tuesday. The interviewer, H. A. L. Craig, has a dominant personality but an insensitive mind. Mr. Albee seemed too engaged in amending the questions with which he was fed to say what he wanted.

Ninette de Valois, interviewed (partly as a trailer for the presentation of her *Rake's Progress* which will be televised on October 30) was delightful; at her most interesting when talking about the comparison between Russian and English ballet technique and its relation to national folk dances. The Russians condemned the Royal National Ballet's arms and backs, but commended their footwork. This was an exciting piece of television presentation by Margaret Dale. The Dürer exhibition at the British Museum, commented on by means of extracts from Dürer's own writings, began spankingly. But it sagged towards the end and I was glad when it was over. The tempo was too slow.

In the afternoon we had 'Universe', a Canadian National Film Board astronomer's-eye view. Though it did not tell us many facts we didn't already know, it had a near-poetry of our relative spaces and times, reminiscent of Jacquetta Hawkes's book *A Land*. The billion galaxies are for our age an object of contemplation similar to that of The Sublime to Zimmermann in the eighteenth century. Each



From 'The Dying Plains of Africa—I: The Poaching Problem': a haul of elephant tusks in Kenya

age has its popular inspirationism. And this was better than Aldous Huxley's million, million spermatozoa!

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

DRAMA

False Starts and Ragged Endings

I MUST REGRETFULLY nag again about the framing of televised plays. Ragged beginnings and endings are repeatedly damaging to the whole effect of productions to which great care and thought have been given. This is not a matter of veneering or mere polishing. It is as important to a play as the timing and emphasis of exits and entrances are to a player. The theatre has a whole barrel full of conventions for the purpose—slow curtains, quick curtains, thin dialogue while the audience settles, defunctive music preparing a slow ending, and so on.

It is admittedly more difficult in clock-haunted television, but some of the conventions which are growing up seem positively harmful to me. The false start which gives us a crisis from the middle of the play before the title comes along is the worst. It is very easy to muddle with similarly filmed trailers. And the inelegant difference between the pace of film and the pace of studio performance does not appear to have been properly thought over.

Endings, even when intended to be indecisive and to leave the viewer brooding, are often cursory and sudden. The last word of the text is spoken and immediately up comes that rolling cast list—often enough superimposed on a nice symbolic caption and only half legible. The breathing in the control room returns to normal, somebody says 'Out on the dot', and the performers are thanked. Perhaps the sufferings of people in glass houses should be kept secret. I believe, however, that their fluster gets across to the public in the form of scurrying conclusions, worse than half a dozen fluffs.

What Every Woman Knows (October 15) is infinitely stagey and hard to translate to the screen. It is also psychologically heavily dated 1908 and geographically placed with very conscious Scottishness for a London audience. The furtive praise of women combined with ugly back-handers at feminism expresses a set of social attitudes far from current fashion. I feared the worst when the weak strong man John Shand (John Breslin) climbed in at the window wearing his bonnet. But the period dress and mannerisms employed by the producer Pharis Maclaren proved very well chosen and effective. They helped to make some of the more revolting sentiments tolerable. Jeannie Carson kept Maggie Wylie credible in a finely controlled performance. Almost she convinced us that her imbecile men-folk might believe her plain and charmless and not too bright. Not quite, of course, but then the whole play is a coy untruth.

Curtains for act and scene divisions and the pointing of neatly machined *coups de théâtre* were sadly missed. But nothing could save that last burst of gruesomely induced hearty laughter. The knowingness of it all is terrible but Barbara Couper even made amiable the Comtesse, knowingest of all.

The Hunted by Iain MacCormick (October 16) never made up its mind whether it was a chiller or a mixture of atmospheric documentary and the black comedy of frustration. There was so much literary ping-pong between the hunted lady and the fat-head of an American author who picked her up, that when she was taken off for execution I felt sure that her hunters would settle down for another hour's discussion.

Graham Greene's *The Compliant Lover* (October 20) is as stagey and almost as knowing about marriage as the Barrie play. Even the characters know that they 'are only dressed for domestic comedy'. The professional deformation jokes about dentistry fell heavily without audience, but the disclosure of the essential love and understanding of the husband came off pretty well. Andrew Cruickshank, Alan Badel, and Rosalie Crutchley kept clear of the twin traps of melodrama and farce and sometimes seemed to talk to each other like people when the text gave them little but parallel monologues.

FREDERICK LAWS



Alan Badel as Clive Root and Rosalie Crutchley as Mary Rhodes in *The Compliant Lover*

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Globe Itself

Drake's VOYAGE round the world strikes one as a subject so eminently suited to radio that it is amazing that nobody should have thought of it before. That the potentialities of dramatizing it should occur to Francis Dillon is equally no surprise; Mr. Dillon, like Drake, has shown the way more than once. In *The World Encompassed* (Third, October 15) he found an opportunity to blend in his accustomed way an orchestra of voices, effects, and music from the period and he did not shirk the business of presenting effectively the politics which prompted Drake's voyage. His opening scenes at Plymouth, at court and at Drake's home had a pace which captured the excitement and the intrigue which attended the start of man's first circumnavigation of the globe. But once the voyage was begun and his narrative was dependent on that controversial log, his dramatic vehicle began to lose way. He is not to be blamed for this. Like most of Drake's biographers he was fascinated by the curious and baffling sub-plot which involves Doughty and Drake's distrust of him. Was Doughty Lord Burghley's agent or a witch or merely a man who wanted to turn back in strange seas? We shall never know; and Mr. Dillon, for all his interest in the affair, did not offer any new explanation. As he spent much time on it and had to forgo for lack of time the voyage north to the Golden Gate and east to Cathay, his original purpose in presenting the story of how the world was encompassed was not achieved. For all that, he gave us a great deal and demonstrated once again the enormous scope of radio as a medium.

The rattle of anchor chains and the smell of cordage had scarcely died in the studios when *Trafalgar* (Home, October 16), by Thomas Hardy, was presented once again. This was an adaptation by Frederick Bradnum who had the perspicacity to see that Hardy's *The Dynasts* was a work written for radio before radio was invented. The dramatic impossibility of presenting a great sea battle and of allowing choruses to comment on the action in the theatre or in the cinema



A scene from *What Every Woman Knows* with (foreground) Jeannie Carson as Maggie Wylie and John Breslin as John Shand; (behind, left to right) James Grant as James Wylie, Robert James as David Wylie, and Eric Woodburn as Alick Wylie



Paul Carpenter as Johnny Carey and Katherine Kath as Giselle in *The Hunted*

was here overcome. Val Gielgud and R. D. Smith joined forces to produce this masterpiece and to convey its author's sense in a time of great peace of the horror and wastage of war. Only the pedantry of pronouncing the battle Traffic-gah, a style which made A. L. Lloyd mangle the scansion of some of the songs, struck a false note. If Traffic-gah, why not Vaterlow?

Asked whether he thought Picasso was a wilful distortionist, Kafka once replied that he thought the artist registered deformities which had not yet penetrated our consciousness. 'Art', he said, 'is sometimes a mirror which goes fast, like a watch'. I was reminded of this on hearing John Whiting's *Saint's Day* (Third, October 20) which has the unmistakable touch of greatness about it but which still presents the surface mind with a seeming enigma. It must have seemed to some who saw the play ten years ago that here was a theme made obscure through lack of skill but Robin Midgley's firm production defied this view and asserted that the author intended every word. To tell the story of the plot, which is on the surface a simple one, would be to give only a hint of the play's impact. I had the impression at the end that I had been hit without knowing how I had been hit. The play opens in a conventional Ibsen mood in a household headed by an octogenarian writer turned sour against society who is to be fêted in London. A young critic, Robert Procathren, is to convey him there but, before he can be dispatched, Procathren accidentally shoots the old man's granddaughter. From this moment and the advent of three army deserters from a detention camp, misrule begins and Procathren's house of rationalist cards is blown down by a gale of chaos. The young critic, whose initial innocence already involves the experience of worshipping Man and not God, is brought to realize that we can only learn how to die and that there is nothing but darkness surrounding the chaos which is life. Meaninglessly, by any standard outwith the wild logic of this play, the soldiers are brought under his leadership to execute the old man. I would not pretend that I fully understand this play but I am confident that the theatre-going public has been done a great injustice by being deprived of a view of it for ten years.

In Max Frisch's *Mr. Biedermann and the Fire-Raisers* (Third, October 21), life is also threatened by chaos. In this case the author, who is Swiss, is pointing the more recognizable moral that good, sensible, liberally inclined gentlemen like Mr. Biedermann often harbour and even defend society's arsonists until things have gone too far. Mr. Biedermann, like many a good German in the 'thirties and many a champion of freedom today puts up a fire raiser in his attic. He treats the man's talk of making fire as a joke but the end is a conflagration. Michael Flanders introduced the play with a sharp drollery and Bernard Bresslaw made a welcome contribution as the chief fire raiser.

In a full week it is cruel to have so little space for Raymond Raikes's production of *The Beaux' Stratagem* (Third, October 18) which unlike most comedies defies time. It evoked laughter last week as easily as it must have done in 1707.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



Two Huxleys

I WONDER whether Mr. John Freeman has not spoiled the field of interviewing, with his sharp thrusts and inquisitorial charm. Although not a constant viewer of 'Face to Face', I very much wished Mr. Freeman had been the interviewer of Sir Julian and Mr. Aldous Huxley on Sunday, October 8, and Sunday, October 15, respectively, in the Home Service.

Sir Julian gave us a warm-hearted, straight-

forward account of his life, from his very first interest in zoology to his intense devotion to Darwinism at a time when it was out of fashion. The chair of zoology in a Texas university proved to be one of his most exciting experiences—he found himself working with some of the world's leading biologists of that time. We heard a little of his collaboration with H. G. Wells on the first popular science book, *The Science of Life*—'We did not have the same approach, but Wells did understand the scientific approach to any subject and he was an immense stimulus'. His important and successful work with Unesco revealed him as a highly competent administrator, although he admitted that it was the most strenuous two years of his life. The conservation of wild life in East Africa is yet another of his numerous interests, and one which, at the moment, is causing intense controversy. 'We must save the last remains of prehuman evolution', said Sir Julian.

Of course it was inevitable that the problem of world population would be discussed. One now automatically associates this difficult and delicate problem with the Huxley family, so popular have they made it. I thought perhaps he was going to say, like his brother, that birth control *en masse* was essential from the point of view of food consumption. But no, it was not that particularly, but everything else, from finding enough space in which to live, to nervous frustration... 'Human fulfilment is cut down'. I found this last statement disappointing and puzzling. If birth control ever does become the accepted thing, then there will be no human fulfilment for Sir Julian to worry over. It has been proved that lack of bearing a child has been the cause behind the neuroses of a vast number of women in Europe, and also men. Intellectual satisfaction alone cannot satisfy man—man is also an animal and, as such, breeds—admittedly at times against his will, but nevertheless the sense of achievement far outweighs the material struggle it will entail.

Aldous Huxley's comment that 'Man's instincts were developed in the forest', although made many years ago, represented the ideal stepping-stone from the scientist to the artist. On October 15, therefore, in 'Conversations with Aldous Huxley', I was hoping to hear something too of his attitude to the Jungian school of psychology, which he once described as 'that endless expanse of jelly, in which only rarely emerged a hard, concrete particular fact'.

Every experience possible to man, seems to have been his—religions, mescaline, travel, etc.—and in his own inimitable way he has lifted all these subjects, complete with facts and figures, upwards—with words that command our complete attention and sometimes adulation. In his book of essays, *Adonis and the Alphabet*, published in 1956, one particular piece, 'Knowledge and Understanding', is concerned not only with conceptual knowledge and understanding but also words, in this instance the over-valuation of words... 'Over-valuation of words leads all too frequently to the fabrication and idolatrous worship of dogmas... to the insistence on uniformity of belief the demand for assent by all... Those who do not consent to this idolatrous worship of words are to be "converted"'. Yet Huxley could also write on the same subject: 'Thanks to words, we have been able to rise above the brutes and thanks to words, we have often sunk to the level of the demons'.

The programme consisted of a presentation by Walter Allen of excerpts from two conversations with Huxley originally recorded between him and Mr. Allen for the General Overseas Service together with the recent conversation with John Morgan from B.B.C. Television.

I found the whole of this 'bitty' and having no central core, as did Sir Julian's straight interview with Nigel Calder. And yet Aldous Huxley's literary and humanist vocation has been followed closely for many years. Of particular interest was his outline for his next novel, *Island*—like all his work, it will not only entertain but will compel us to participate. It came as a surprise, therefore, to hear him say he would like to be a 'great' novelist. Perhaps he is now convinced that the art of serious essay-writing is a more suitable medium for his work than that of the novel. I felt this statement was the crucial point in the interview and should therefore have been pursued—again I am sure John Freeman would have scored here by probing relentlessly until the intellectually stimulating mind behind *Brave New World* would have emerged that much more clearer.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



Age and the Artist

TO WHAT EXTENT does an artist's age affect his work? It is all very mysterious. Sometimes the miraculous is achieved by a child, sometimes by an old man. Nor can we be sure what it is in a performer that the public responds to. 'It could have been played just as well by a grown-up person', a shrewd observer once whispered amidst the wild applause following a performance by a child prodigy of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. Today the child prodigy is rarer than the octogenarian conductor, an equally mysterious phenomenon, as all of us who heard the three broadcasts last week by Monteux must agree.

Perhaps it is that the conductor, in front of his players, must always receive from them as much as he gives. One cannot, in advanced years, produce a powerful vibrato on the strings of a violin. It was said that at eighty-five Saint-Saëns was still a wonderful pianist, but I doubt whether he could have manipulated even the mechanical keyboard as he did in earlier years. The most satisfying performances of Monteux were of Mendelssohn's exhilarating Scottish Symphony (Third, October 16) and Schumann's Fourth Symphony (Home, October 18) dark, agonized and mellow. A wise, experienced guide was in front of the orchestra in these works, piloting them towards their goals, allowing them an exuberance of tone and phrasing, and perhaps himself, in this partnership, equally inspired by his younger colleagues. Dukas's *L'Apprenti Sorcier* on Television (October 21) was less satisfying. This study in the horrific, with its battling trumpets and horns, its larger-than-life vision of terror and its torrential flood scene, demands an incisive, almost sadistic attack, a nervous sense of rubato together with a power of vivid dramatization that we seldom find. Toscanini, incidentally, had no idea of the character of this work. Monteux gave the London Symphony Orchestra appropriate tempi, the plan of dynamics was correctly established, but as the terrifying climaxes were reached one hardly felt that the apprentice was being overwhelmed by his master's magic spell.

Debussy's *Images* (Home, October 18) of which Monteux's sensitive performance is well known, presents another problem, a problem for the listener who must be prepared to receive a sequence of rapidly changing visions, seemingly disconnected, sometimes combined and frequently touching upon alarming associations. This is the music of which Marcel Proust speaks, 'containing visions which it is impossible to express and almost forbidden to record,' the dream music, he suggests, which is only half heard 'since we receive the caress of its unreal enchantment at a moment of semi-consciousness when our eyes are already sealed and

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CRUISE No. 29. 14th April to 30th April, 1962

YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE, TURKEY, LEBANON, CYPRUS

VENICE, DUBROVNIK, OLYMPIA, ATHENS, DAPHNI and ELEUSIS or SOUNION, DELOS, ANTALYA, PERGE, ASPENDOS, BEIRUT (Optional 2-day visit by air to: PETRA; or BAALBEK, DAMASCUS and PALMYRA; or BAGHDAD and BABYLON. Optional 1-day visit to: JERUSALEM; or AMRIT, TORTOSA and KRAK DES CHEVALIERS), BAALBEK, DOG RIVER, BYBLOS, FAMAGUSTA, SALAMIS, NICOSIA, ST. HILARION, BELLAPPAIS, KYRENIA, RHODES, KAMIROS, KNOSSOS, LEPANTO, DELPHI, VENICE.

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CRUISE No. 31. 15th August to 31st August, 1962

ITALY, SICILY, GREECE, TURKEY

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CRUISE No. 32. 30th August to 15th September, 1962

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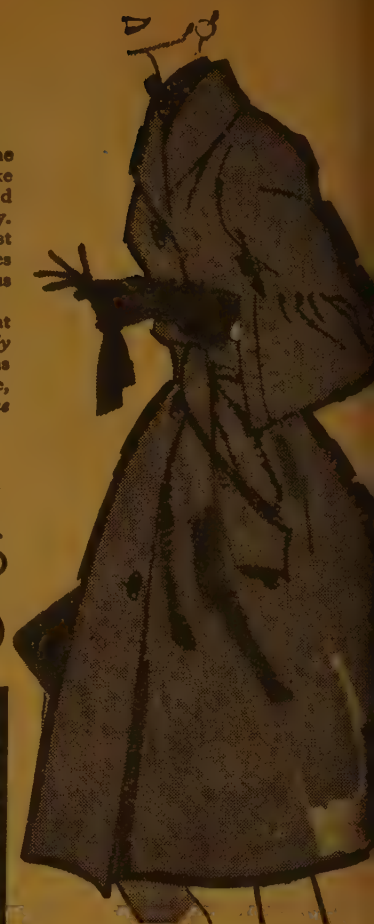
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we are asleep'. Much depends, of course, on the frame of mind in which we approach these past dream scenes of Debussy, also on the music, perhaps, one may just have heard. Fortunately or the impact which the 'Images' were able to make on this occasion, Montoux preceded this work with the Fourth Symphony of Schumann, a composer who himself normally inhabited the borderlands of the dream.

The Thursday Invitation Concert (Third, October 19) left the feeling that we cannot be very happy about much of the presentation of works of the Renaissance and earlier periods. Often presentation, though an art in itself, is of secondary importance since a knowledge of the background of well-known periods can be assumed. In regard to works of earlier periods,

however, this is not so. The purely technical descriptions of works by Okeghem and Josquin des Prés contrasted sadly with certain illuminating talks one has heard on paintings of this period. I know that presentation follows an entirely different technique from that of the illustrated talk, but I cannot agree that this distinction must always be made. We want to know, when hearing a work of Josquin, what his conception of mysticism was, of God and of love; and we want to know how these were transformed when handed on to him by the Netherlanders of whom Okeghem was the master. I am not suggesting that the methods of these early composers are in themselves uninteresting. But it is a pity to confine an introduction to such beautiful works to these techni-

cal considerations when they could be lifted above an approach which must strike many listeners as smug and pedantic.

Andor Foldes brought the uncompromising figure of Bartók vividly to life in his introductory programme on Bartók's piano music (Third, October 16). We learnt many new things about Bartók, among them that his bedside reading usually consisted of the quartets of Mozart and Haydn. But why, among his qualities as a great composer, was integrity repeatedly mentioned? Of course Bartók was a composer of integrity. Without integrity he would not have been a composer at all—any more than one could hope to be a bank manager without integrity.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Weber and Romantic Opera

By WINTON DEAN

'Der Freischütz' will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 31 (Third)



WEBER IS commonly regarded as the most German of composers. *Der Freischütz* ranks as a classic of the German national spirit in art; and there can be no doubt about its key position in the history of German opera. Yet Weber's style is anything but *echt deutsch*. Indeed on close examination it is difficult to discover any specifically German element other than a weakness for male-voice part-songs in square and convivial rhythms. Nor is this surprising. In the second decade of the nineteenth century no vigorous tradition of German opera existed anywhere. There was the nucleus of a repertory in Mozart's two German works and *Fidelio*; but the latter was not a success, and even *Die Zauberflöte* had scarcely acquired the status of an acknowledged masterpiece. These, like all Weber's operas except *Euryanthe*, belonged technically to the *Singspiel* type: they were written in self-contained numbers separated by spoken dialogue. But the most popular and characteristic works of this class, such as Dittersdorf's *Doktor und Apotheker*, Schenk's *Dorfbarbier* and Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie*, though full of pretty tunes, were not much more than rudimentary operettas.

Two more recent operas that Weber knew and admired were Spohr's *Faust* and Hoffmann's *Undine*, both produced in 1816. But there was a limit to what he could learn from them. Spohr's rich but cloying harmonic idiom, based on a lingering contemplation of the bold, lightly touched chromaticisms of Mozart, no doubt enlarged his vocabulary, and the big heroic scenes of Kunigunde and Hugo in Act I of *Faust* may have suggested similar episodes in Weber's operas. But Spohr could not transcend the outer gestures of romanticism: his ambling rhythms, short-winded melodies, and complete inability to evoke the darker side of his theme leave an insipid, devitalized impression. Hoffmann was more sensitive to the supernatural, but lacked the creative invention to realize it in musical terms.

In Weber's youth the fashionable operatic style throughout Europe (France excepted) was still Italian, as it had been since the seventeenth century. Peter von Winter, a German who wrote a sequel to *Die Zauberflöte* and supplied operas to half the capitals of Europe, employed the same basic idiom—fluent, short-winded, structurally primitive, with an occasional dash of Mozartian spice—as Salieri, Paer, Mayr, and other prolific and successful cosmopolitans. Only in Paris was something different required; and here even the Italians had to conform. They

did so to such effect that two of them in turn—Cherubini and Spontini—were largely responsible for remodelling French opera. It is the widespread diffusion of this new style, influenced by the social ideals of the French Revolution and propelled (along with more combustible materials) by the conquering French armies, that constitutes perhaps the most important musical event of the period. Cherubini's visit to Vienna in 1805-6, when he produced *Les Deux Journées* and his new German opera *Faniska*, may be taken as a landmark, though his influence had preceded him. The operas of the French Revolution composers, despite the bitterly fought Napoleonic Wars, were soon popular all over Germany.

The creators of this school—Cherubini, Méhul, Lesueur, Dalayrac, Catel, and later Spontini—have contributed nothing to the current repertory, probably from the mere accident that none of them was blessed with supreme lyrical genius, but they changed the language of music throughout Europe, and not only in opera. Beethoven's admiration for Cherubini is well-known; it is reflected not only in *Fidelio*, which is essentially a grafting of French operatic method on to German stock, but throughout his instrumental music. All the great composers of the next generation, from Schubert and Berlioz to Mendelssohn and early Wagner, were indebted to the same source. Weber, who was temperamentally hostile to Italian opera, and whose tastes were less strictly confined to music than those of the professional composers of the eighteenth century (this was to be characteristic of many romantic composers), was naturally attracted by the new style. He was moreover in a position to do something about it, both as critic and as conductor of the opera at Prague (1813-16) and Dresden (1816-26). In each city he chose to make his debut with a French opera: Spontini's *Cortez* and Méhul's *Joseph*. Of the eighteen operas given during his first six months in Prague, no fewer than eleven, by seven different composers, belonged to this school. It is scarcely surprising that his own operas reflect his preference.

The early *singspiel* *Abu Hassan* (1811) recalls the *opéras-comiques* of Dalayrac. The mature operas owe more to Méhul, a composer who missed greatness so narrowly that he has been almost entirely forgotten. He was the originator of a great deal that we associate with Weber, including the pictorial use of the orchestra to suggest landscapes and seascapes, the romantic deployment of wind instruments,

especially the horn, for emotional colour, and the psychological expansion of the leitmotif. In this latter respect, as well as in the whole conception of the characters, *Euryanthe* is as clearly indebted to *Ariodant* (1799) as it is the forerunner of *Lohengrin*. The mermaid's song in *Oberon* echoes the finale of *Mélidore et Phrosine* (1794), an opera set on the Straits of Messina in which the sea almost ranks as the central character and simple choruses of peasants and sailors are set against the raging of the elements.

Many other things in Méhul anticipate Weber's practice, a few of them shared with other composers of the French school: overtures that are symphonic poems in all but name, a preference for desolate and nocturnal settings, the use of single chords (notably the diminished seventh) as symbolic motives, a bold and sometimes experimental attitude to harmony, and an orchestra rich in wind and percussion, including four horns. The continuous texture of *Euryanthe* comes from Spontini, who developed it from Gluck, and the raising of the curtain in the middle of the overture may have been suggested by Méhul's introduction of the voice in the very original overture to *Uthal*.

If this, along with the daemonic element in *Don Giovanni*, was the principal source of Weber's style, he conspicuously enriched it, in two respects above all. He possessed a spontaneous lyrical gift, a quality of youthful impulsiveness, that repeatedly strikes out phrases that haunt the memory; and he conquered a new realm of experience. French opera is full of storms and upheavals of nature, but was too concerned with this world to tackle the supernatural. It was Weber in *Der Freischütz* who placed the personified forces of evil (Samiel) beside the foresters and gamekeepers of bourgeois German life, thereby giving romantic opera an earthy realism which it very soon lost in the grotesqueries of Marschner and the more recondite symbolism of Wagner. His plots were not new (it is remarkable how little German opera composers, then and later, owed to their great romantic poets): several of them had been used by such composers as Schuster and Wranitzky a generation earlier, but simply as pegs on which to hang a quaint comedy or an exotic spectacle—no doubt the spirit in which Schikaneder wrote his libretto of *Die Zauberflöte*. Weber was the first to take them seriously, to find in them a means of sending a shudder through the audience. It is a measure of his success that a good performance can still have this effect.

'Bridge Quiz': Heat II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE SECOND heat of the first round of the new expert 'quiz' series, in Network Three, Mrs. Mary Moss and Mrs. Phyllis Williams represented the women's side and were opposed by Mr. A. Hiron and Mr. E. L. Silverstone. The problem in play, which was presented in a slightly unusual form, found all four competitors wanting.

WEST	EAST
♠ A 3 2	♠ 8 7 6 5 4
♥ 6 2	♥ A Q 3
♦ A K Q 9 8 7 6 4	♦ J 10
♣ None	♣ A 5 2

North leads the four of clubs, his only four-card suit, against West's contract of Six Diamonds. How should West plan the play? Perhaps, in their excitement, the players all disregarded the significance of the statement about the North hand. Since clubs were his only four-card suit his distribution was known to be 4-3-3-3. That meant that South had no diamond, and further, that the spade suit would divide 3-2.

All the competitors won the first club with the ace, discarding a spade, and continued with the ace and another spade. This line would fail if North won the spade and returned a heart.

The winning play was to cover the four of clubs with the five and discard a spade from hand. In the terms of the problem, South would be unable to return a trump; if he returned, say, a spade, West would win with the ace, cross to the dummy with a trump, play the ace of clubs, discarding his own last spade, and ruff a spade. Dummy would be re-entered with the second trump and one more spade would be trumped to establish the suit. The ace of hearts would provide the entry after trumps had been drawn.

Mr. Hiron scored one point out of five and the other three players failed to register. In the second part of the programme a series of questions relating to one hand were answered by all four players: the ladies had the better of matters and came to the last part of the 'quiz' with a lead of fourteen against ten. Both pairs were then invited to bid the following hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ K 6	♠ Q 5
♥ 8	♥ A J 10 7 4 3
♦ A K 9 4	♦ 10 7
♣ Q J 10 7 4 2	♣ A 6 3

East is the dealer with both sides vulnerable: if permitted to do so, South would compete

with One Spade and North with Two Spades.

The ladies, with Mrs. Moss playing West and Mrs. Williams East, settled the issue when they reached the optimum contract of Five Clubs:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
—	—	1H	1S
2C	2S	No	No
3D	No	4C	No
5C	No	No	No

Although left with no chance of winning, the men went down fighting, since they too reached the optimum contract on a far from easy hand. The auction began on similar lines, but after North's bid of Two Spades, Mr. Silverstone freely bid Three Clubs with the East hand, and there was certainly no question of missing the game after this possibly forward action. We bid Three Diamonds, East Three Hearts and West jumped to game in clubs.

In the recent European Championships the British and Danish teams reached the less distinguished contracts of Four Clubs and Three No Trumps. Full marks, therefore, to our competitors, and especially to the ladies, who advanced to the semi-final with a score of 2 against 20.

AESOP-TO-DATE

The travelling Kangaroo



A Kangaroo from Dublin Zoo,
A female of the species,
Was put inside a sort of ark
And shipped direct to Regents Park
Where every prospect pleases.
But this marsupial had some doubt
If she would get her Guinness Stout,
And so she packed herself a few
Bottles of What is Good for You.
In England, when the Customs men
She failed to understand,
They searched her... ouch!
And in her pouch
They found the contraband.
Protesting was of little use
For ignorance is no excuse.
And so in future all beware,
When asked, "What have you to declare?"
Declare in accents loud and free—



Guinness is good for you—and me

A Prize-winning Christmas Pudding



WITH the time for making Christmas puddings almost upon us, many listeners have been asking for the recipe which won a prize in 'Television Cookery Club'. It was sent in by Mrs. V. B. Dashfield of Preston, Lancashire, and was demonstrated in 'Cookery Club' some time ago.

First, be sure to weigh all your ingredients and sieve the flour. To make four ordinary-sized puddings, or one large and one small one, you will need:

- 1 lb. of self-raising flour
- 1 lb. of breadcrumbs
- 1 lb. of beef suet (ready chopped)
- 1 lb. of currants
- 1 lb. of sultanas
- 1 lb. of stoned raisins
- 1 lb. of 'foot' sugar (if you can get it) or brown sugar
- 6 oz. of blanched almonds
- 1 lb. of candied peel
- 1 lb. of glacé cherries
- 1 orange
- 1 lemon
- 6 fresh eggs
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1 teaspoon of mixed spice
- 1 small grated carrot
- 1 pint of old ale (or, if preferred, 1 wineglass of brandy)
- 1 small apple
- 1 pint of milk (in case it is required)

Prepare all the ingredients for cooking. Shred the candied peel, chop the almonds and cherries and mix with the fruit. Wash and scrub the orange and lemon and dry well. Grate the rind of both, and add to the fruit mixture. Now add

the chopped suet and all other dry ingredients. Put all these ingredients in a large bowl, add the well-beaten eggs, chopped apple, grated carrot, old ale (or brandy), then the juice of both orange and lemon. (If you are teetotal, you need not use the alcohol, but it is much better if you do use it.) Take a wooden spoon and mix well. Only add the milk if necessary—the mixture should be of a stiff consistency.

Fill the basins to within two inches of the top and cover with greased paper.

Scald and flour a clean cloth for each basin. Tie tightly, and boil for seven or eight hours. (You must watch the boiler and frequently add more boiling water, when required, while the pudding is cooking.) Remove from the boiler and allow to cool. Take off the cloths and recover the puddings with clean ones. Store in a cool place until required, when you should boil the pudding for three hours, serve on hot plates with brandy sauce, or neat brandy if you prefer it.

—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Notes on Contributors

H. D. LEWIS (page 645): Professor of History and Philosophy of Religion, London University; author of *Our Experience of God*, etc.

FATHER MICHAEL O'DWYER (page 647): Resident Chaplain, Westminster Cathedral

L. C. SYKES (page 649): Professor of French, Leicester University

JAMES HAMILTON (page 650): Professor of Physics, University College, London University; author of *The Theory of Elementary Particles*

A. D. LEES (page 652): works for the Agricultural Research Council, unit of insect physiology at Cambridge; author of *The Physiology of Diapause in Arthropods*

CUTHBERT GRAHAM (page 654): journalist; literary editor, *Aberdeen Press and Journal*

J. H. PLUMB (page 663): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University; author of *Sir Robert Walpole, The First Four Georges*, etc.

ELSPETH HUXLEY (page 666): United Kingdom Independent Member, Monckton

Advisory Commission on Central Africa, 1959; author of *The Flame Trees of Thika, A New Earth*, etc.

IDRIS PARRY (page 669): Lecturer in German, University College of North Wales

H. B. ACTON (page 669): Professor of Philosophy, London University; author of *The Illusion of the Epoch: Marxism—Leninism as a Philosophical Creed*

SIR ALEC RANDALL, K.C.M.G. (page 670): Second Secretary, H.M. Legation to the Holy See, 1925-30; Ambassador to Denmark, 1947-52; author of *Vatican Assignment and Discovering Rome*

R. J. C. ATKINSON (page 670): Professor of Archaeology, University College, Cardiff; author of *Stonehenge and Avebury*, etc.

SIMON RAVEN (page 672): writer and playwright; author of *The Feathers of Death, Brother Cain, Doctors Wear Scarlet*, etc.

WINTON DEAN (page 685): critic and musicologist; author of *Bizet, Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,639.

Polyglottal Tetrptych.

By Cheops

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively.

Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 2. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.

The missing words in the quotation-clues are to be translated into French, Latin, German, or Italian (six in each language) and are to be entered, irrespective of language, into the four folds of the 'tetrptych' (six in each fold) in the horizontal unclued spaces. Not every foreign-looking light is one of these key words. Other clues are normal. For clarity and convenience, numbering starts afresh with each fold.

QUOTATION CLUES

Every member of the — has a watch and chain (5)
The happiest — a sailor sees (4)
The benison of hot — (5)
— lays his icy hand on kings (5)
—, be thou my good! (4)
A nipping and an eager — (3)
Gigadibs, the literary — (3)

Woe unto them that join — to — (5)
And goes with Women and Champagne and — (6)
Ethel patted her — and looked very sneery (4)
Grin like a — and run about the city (3)
I — Robertson, and I won't talk of his book (4)
You shall wash your linen and keep your body — (5)
A pale martyr in his shirt of — (4)
Dear —, I do salute thee with my hands (5)
The pig was —, and Tom was beat (3)
What's this dull — to me? (4)
Virtue is like a rich — (5)
Dead! And never called me — (6)
Just for a handful of — (6)
Cold, cold, my —! (4)
Woe unto them that lay — to — (5)
Assyrian, Stormcock, and — Gain (6)
'The — goes singing to her groom' (3)

FOLD A—Across

- 4 Late 7c King of Wessex
- 5 Cut off!
- 7 Two Romans
- 8 12 to 1 in Bonn
- 10 'Bring us in good —'

Down

- 1 'The — hour, the evening hour (Eliot) (6)
- 2 Eastern chest (4)
- 3 Wide expanse (3)
- 6 Shamel (5)
- 7 Russian Parliament (4)
- 9 Son-in-law of the prophet (3)

FOLD B—Across

- 1 Brooch
- 9 'Das Lied von der —' (Mahler)

Down

- 1 Should (5)
- 2 Cavalry (5)
- 3 Last test here (4)
- 4 Blessed if you do (5)
- 5 Family of seals (5)
- 6 Family table (4)
- 7 Wore gyves on his wrists (4)
- 8 Jock's neat (4)

FOLD C—Across

- 5 — d'Arthur
- 10 The very bottom
- 13 Heroine of a doll's house (4)
- 15 Keroops eat here
- 1 Confines (5)
- 2 Pertained of old (6)
- 3 Husks (4)
- 4 Did Edgar mean stop? (5)
- 6 These Scots! (4)
- 7 Clear up, Mac! (3)
- 8 Grudges (6)
- 9 Old plough (3)
- 11 Ian's own (3)
- 12 No longer unattached (4)
- 14 — Veronica (Wells) (3)

FOLD D—Across

- 1 Flows in the Main
- 6 Wild painter (5)
- 10 Native village (5)
- 12 Leash (4)
- 16 Surveyor's rod
- 2 Elf's child (3)
- 3 Unloads new shares (4)
- 4 Milton's on the level (4)
- 5 Extinct N.Z. bird (3)
- 7 Reckoning (4)
- 8 Song without a river (3)
- 9 Candlestick or torch (6)
- 10 N.Z. bird not extinct (3)
- 11 Border (4)
- 13 Aaron's father (5)
- 14 Small eastern coin (4)
- 15 Outer shell of B9 (4)

Solution of No. 1,637

a	b	c	d	e	a	b	c	d	e	a	b	c	d	e	a	b	c	d	e	a	b	c	d	e
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
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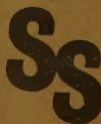
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